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"THERE HAD BEEN UNMANNED PROBES, OF COURSE. TESTS, EXPERIMENTS, MECHANICAL VOYAGERS SENT DEEP INTO THE GALAXY. NOW IT WAS TIME TO SEE IF MAN HIMSELF COULD GO TO THE STARS."

"I WAS SELECTED AS CAPTAIN OF THE FIRST MANNED FASTER-THAN-LIGHT STARSHIP. IT WAS A GREAT EXCITEMENT. I DID NOT KNOW THEN WHAT WE WOULD FIND, WHAT, WITH MYSELF WOULD...

EARTHMEN STAY HOME

NO STAR TR

THERE ARE A LOT OF PROTESTORS DOWN THERE.

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU EDWARDS. THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN THIS SORT OF RESISTANCE TO PROGRESS.

RETURN to the STARS

WRITTEN BY: WYATT GWYON
ILLUSTRATED BY: HOWARD CHAYKIN
LETTERED BY: MILT SNAPINN
COLORED BY: GENE D'ANGELO

HEY, GOOD LUCK, ALL. Y'ALL COME BACK NOW, HERE?

WE'RE NOT WORRIED.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF SON. I'D RATHER BE HOME WATCHING FOOTBALL ON THE TUBE.

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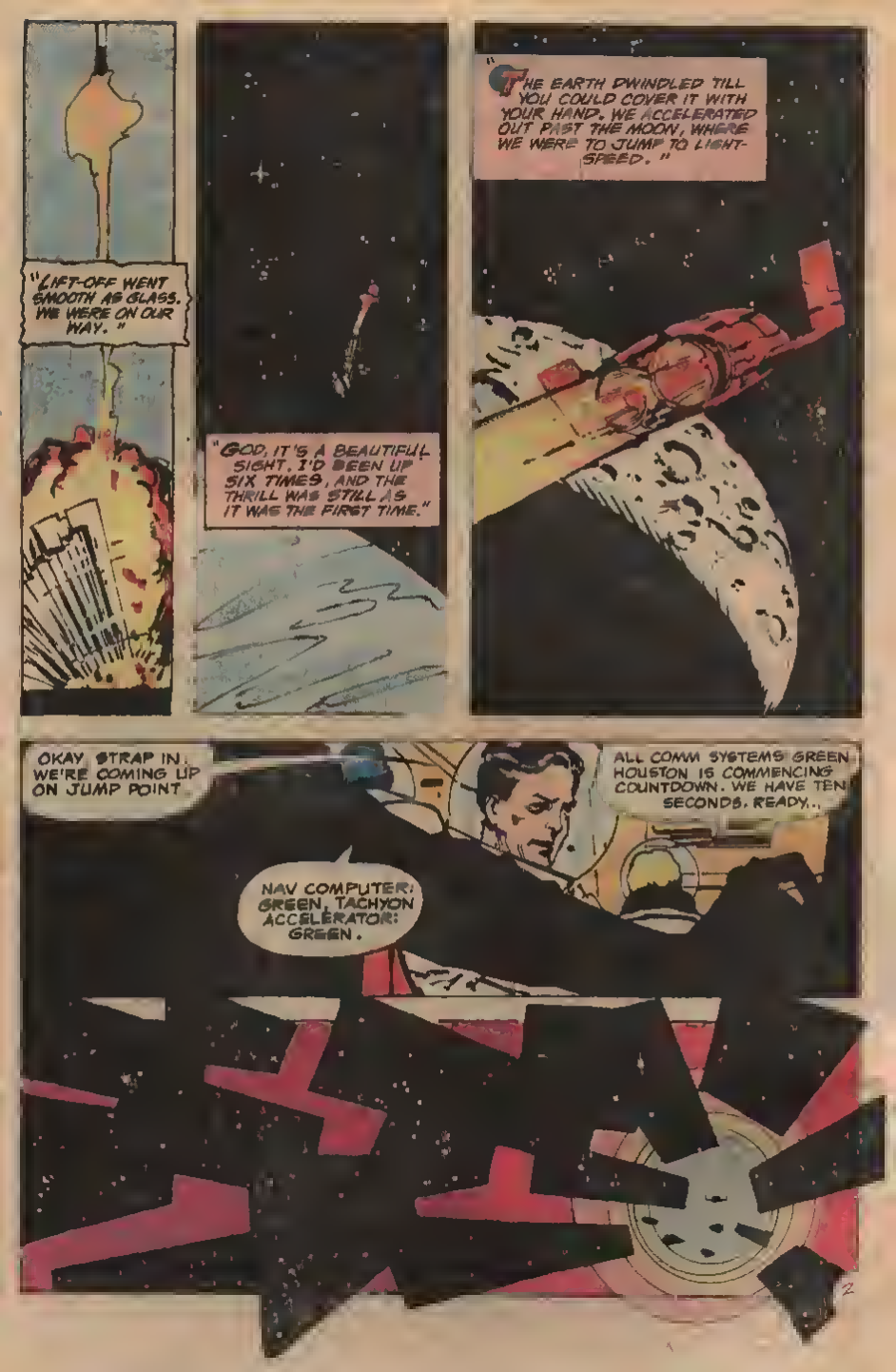

"LIFT-OFF WENT SMOOTH AS GLASS. WE WERE ON OUR WAY."
"GOD, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT. I'D BEEN UP SIX TIMES, AND THE THRILL WAS STILL AS IT WAS THE FIRST TIME."
"THE EARTH DWINDLED TILL YOU COULD COVER IT WITH YOUR HAND. WE ACCELERATED OUT PAST THE MOON, WHERE WE WERE TO JUMP TO LIGHT-SPEED."
OKAY, STRAP IN. WE'RE COMING UP ON JUMP POINT.
ALL COMM SYSTEMS GREEN. HOUSTON IS COMMENCING COUNTDOWN. WE HAVE TEN SECONDS. READY..
NAV COMPUTER: GREEN. TACHYON ACCELERATOR: GREEN.

"THE JUMP LASTED A SECOND, OR LESS, BUT THERE WE WERE... NEAR THE CRAB NEBULA... TEN THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS FROM EARTH."

WHOO! WE DID IT! FIRST HUMANS OUT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

CO-ORDINATES ALL GREEN. WE LANDED RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

A CELEBRATION, MY FRIENDS. I THINK I'LL BREAK OUT OUR MEAGER RATION OF GIN...

HOLD IT! SOMETHING'S WRONG. RADAR HAS SOMETHING ENORMOUS OUT THERE... AND IT'S PULLING US IN!

"I FIRED THE RETRO-ROCKETS, BUT I KNEW IT WAS NO USE... WHATEVER HAD US WAS ENORMOUSLY POWERFUL."

TSIEN! CAN'T WE GET MORE THRUST OUT OF THESE ROCKETS?

NO, SIR. WE'LL BURN UP IF WE TRY IT.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE INSTRUMENTS. THIS THING *MUST* BE ARTIFICIAL, BUT IT'S SO *BIG*!

GOOD LORD! LOOK AT *THAT*!

"THEN WE SAW IT. A BRIGHT SLIT OF LIGHT APPEARED AS A HATCH OPENED. IT WAS A SHIP. IT MUST HAVE BEEN FIVE MILES ACROSS. THE LANDING DECK WE WERE DRAGGED INTO WAS AS BIG AS A FOOTBALL FIELD."

EVEN IN THEIR SUITS, THE ALIENS WERE DISTURBING. THEY WERE ROUGHLY THE SIZE AND SHAPE OF HUMANS, BUT THERE RESEMBLANCE CEASED. WHEN I SAW THEM UNSUITED, MY SKIN CRAWLED."

"WE WERE TAKEN TO THE ALIEN COMMANDER. HE SPOKE TO US THROUGH A SMALL COMPUTER, WHICH TRANSLATED HIS NATIVE CLICKS AND SCRAPINGS INTO BROKEN ENGLISH."

YOU--ARE--FROM AN EARTH? YOU CAME THROUGH LIGHT BARRIER. THIS WE CANNOT DO. YOU MUST HAVE GREAT-- SCIENCE.

SO MUST YOU. THIS SHIP IS LARGER THAN ANYTHING WE CAN BUILD. WE ARE PEACEFUL. WE WOULD LIKE TO SHARE KNOWLEDGE WITH YOU.

"A TRAVESTY OF A SMILE CROSSED HIS FACE AT THIS. I FELT A SUDDEN CHILL."

S-S-SH-ARE? THAT IS--QUAINT. WE DO NOT SHARE. WE--TAKE. ALL THIS SHIP IS TAKEN FROM OTHER RACES. WE WILL TAKE FROM YOU. TELL ME. WHERE IS YOUR--EARTH?

WE WON'T TELL YOU THAT! WE'RE WILLING TO SHARE OUR KNOWLEDGE, BUT WE WON'T TELL YOU HOW TO INVADE US!

WE DO NOT NEED TO S-SH-ARE WE ARE S-STRONG AND YOU WILL TELL US, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

"WE DID NOT KNOW WHAT THEY WOULD DO. THEY SEEMED UTTERLY RAPACIOUS. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SLEEP ON THE 'BEDS' THEY GAVE US. SO WE WAITED IN SILENCE."

"AFTER SEVERAL HOURS, THEY TOOK US TO ANOTHER ROOM. THE COMMANDER WAS THERE, CARRYING HIS TRANSLATOR."

WE HAVE SEEN YOUR SHIP. SOON, WE TOO, WILL BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE LIGHT BARRIER. WE WILL THEN GO TO YOUR EARTH AND TAKE FROM YOU.

AND HOW WILL YOU DO THAT, IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS?

YOU WILL S-SHOW US. WE HAVE PUT A HOMING BEACON ON YOUR SHIP. YOU WILL FLY BACK, AND SOON WE WILL FOLLOW.

YOU'RE CRAZY! WE'D FLY INTO A SUN BEFORE WE'D DO THAT!


YES-S. BUT FIRS-ST WE WILL ERASE YOUR MEMORIES. YOU WILL NO LONGER KNOW ABOUT US WHEN YOU RETURN. THEN WE WILL COME
"THEY TOOK WASHINGTON FIRST. THEY STRAPPED HIM TO A TABLE, AND ATTACHED ELECTRODES TO HIS SCALP. THEN THEY EXPERIMENTED ON HIM."
"THEY FAILED. WASHINGTON DIED."
"HUMAN NEUROLOGY WAS A MYSTERY TO THEM. I WATCHED AS THEY KILLED MY CREW, ONE BY ONE. AFTER EACH DEATH, THE ALIEN COMMANDER SAID TO ME, 'INTERESTING. WE HAVE LEARNED SOMETHING. IT IS FORTUNATE THERE ARE FIVE OF YOU!'"
"THEY TOOK ME LAST. NOW THE COMMANDER WAS NERVOUS. IF THEY FAILED WITH ME, HE WOULD LOSE HIS CHANCE OF FINDING EARTH. HE CHATTERED ANGRILY AT HIS UNDERLINGS."
"I REMEMBERED. I REMEMBERED SUMMER DAYS SKIING IN THE MOUNTAINS, MY WIFE, MY CHILDHOOD, ALL MY JOYS AND SORROWS."
THE MACHINE WRACKED ME WITH PAIN. IT RANSACKED MY MIND, BUT I HELD TO THE IMAGE OF THE LONELY, FRAGILE EARTH, FLOATING IN A PLACID SEA OF SPACE."

"PERHAPS THEY WERE TOO CAREFUL. THEY HAD NOT KILLED ME, BUT THEY HAD NOT ERASED MY MEMORY EITHER. HOWEVER, I ACTED THE PART WELL. THEY BELIEVED MY FAKE AMNESIA."

"I KNEW THEN WHAT I HAD TO DO. I WOULD NEVER RETURN TO EARTH, BUT NEITHER WOULD THEY."

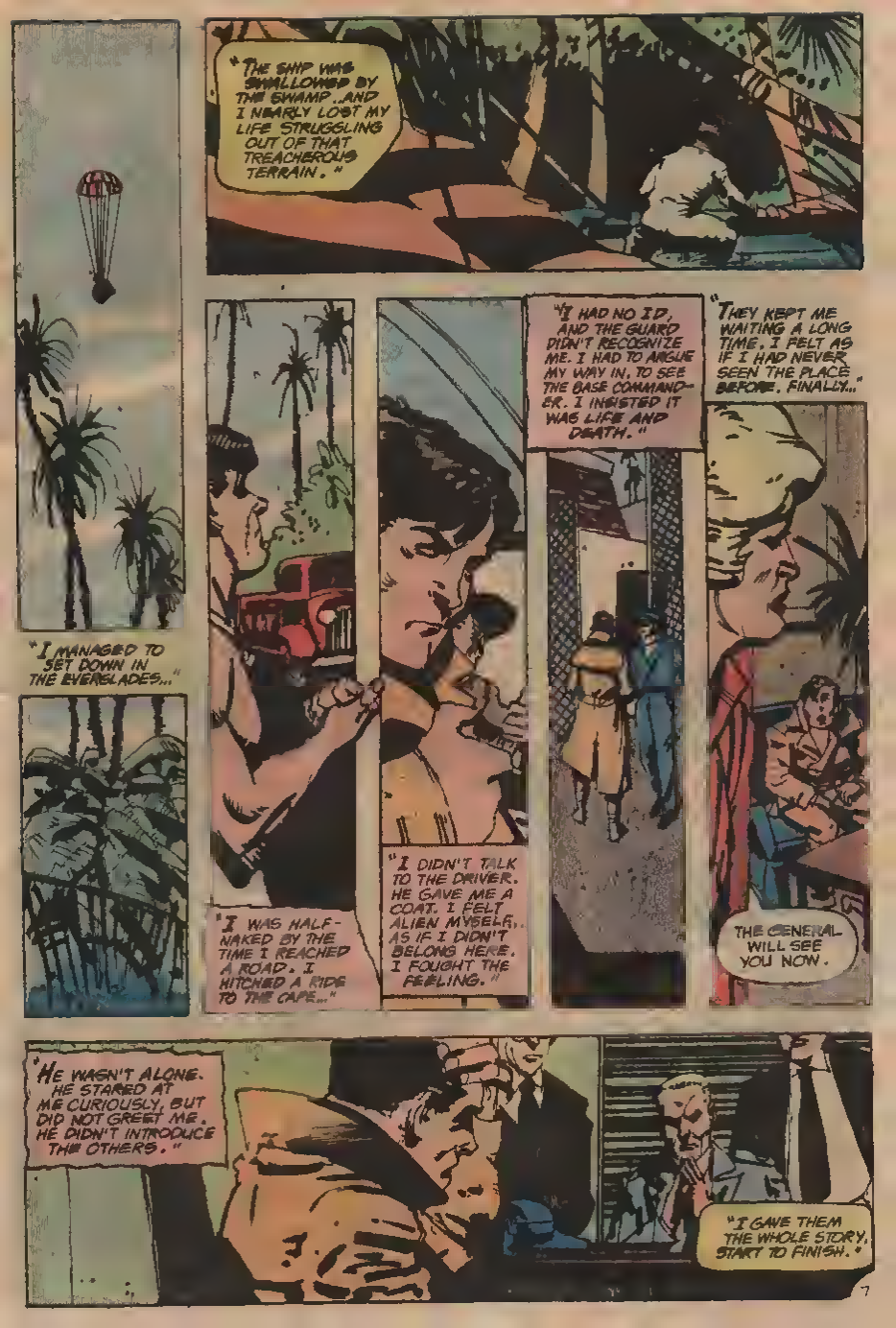
"BUT BEFORE I COULD EVEN TOUCH THE CONTROL, I HEARD THE CLICK OF RELAYS, AND--"

"--I WAS THROUGH THE BARRIER, AND BACK TO EARTH."

"I SCREAMED IN DESPAIR AND LOSS, FOR THERE WAS NO WAY TO CALL BACK THE SIGNAL FROM THE HOMING BEACON, TELLING THEM EVEN NOW WHERE EARTH WAS."

"IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PHYSICAL LAW OF WARP SPACE -- THAT WHATEVER JUMPED MUST RETURN TO ITS POINT OF ORIGIN..."

"RE-ENTRY WAS A DISASTER. THEY HAD BOTCHED THE CONTROLS, AND I NEVER COULD HAVE BROUGHT THE SHIP IN WITHOUT THE SINGLE, OBSESSIVE THOUGHT: I MUST WARN EARTH."


"I MANAGED TO SET DOWN IN THE EVERGLADES..."
"THE SHIP WAS SWALLOWED BY THE SWAMP..AND I NEARLY LOST MY LIFE STRUGGLING OUT OF THAT TREACHEROUS TERRAIN."
"I WAS HALF-NAKED BY THE TIME I REACHED A ROAD. I HITCHED A RIDE TO THE CAPE..."
"I DIDN'T TALK TO THE DRIVER. HE GAVE ME A COAT. I FELT ALIEN MYSELF, AS IF I DIDN'T BELONG HERE. I FOUGHT THE FEELING."
"I HAD NO ID, AND THE GUARD DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME. I HAD TO ARGUE MY WAY IN, TO SEE THE BASE COMMANDER. I INSISTED IT WAS LIFE AND DEATH."
"THEY KEPT ME WAITING A LONG TIME. I FELT AS IF I HAD NEVER SEEN THE PLACE BEFORE. FINALLY..."
THE GENERAL WILL SEE YOU NOW.
"HE WASN'T ALONE. HE STARED AT ME CURIOUSLY, BUT DID NOT GREET ME. HE DIDN'T INTRODUCE THE OTHERS."
"I GAVE THEM THE WHOLE STORY, START TO FINISH."

"I HAD A SURPRISE IN STORE."

SON THAT IS THE MOST INCOMPETENT STORY I'VE EVER HEARD. I ADMIT YOU LOOK A BIT LIKE WATERS, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY THE OTHER POWERS WOULD COME UP WITH A PHONY STORY LIKE...

OTHER POWERS?!

YES, AND IF THEY THINK THEY CAN POSTPONE THIS LAUNCH, THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO DO IT!

...POSTPONE THE LAUNCH--?!

IT WAS FOOLISH TO PULL THIS ON THE MORNING OF THE LAUNCH. YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN WATERS IS ALREADY IN THE SHIP. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ESPIONAGE, SON.

"OF COURSE, I COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN... THEY COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN... THAT THE TWO TRIPS THROUGH THE LIGHT BARRIER WOULD TAKE ME BACK IN TIME."

"BY SOME QUIRK OF PHYSICS, I HAD RETURNED BEFORE I HAD EVEN LEFT!"

"THE DISASTER WAS COMPLETE. AND THEY WOULD NEVER BELIEVE ME. AND ALL AT ONCE I WAS SCREAMING ALONG WITH THE OTHERS..."

STOP THEM! NO! YOU MUSTN'T! SPACE IS HOSTILE! FOR GOD'S SAKE! STOP THEM!!

END

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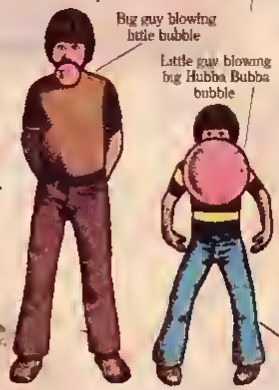
The first thing to do—pick the right chew: new Hubba Bubba.* The soft and juicy bubble gum with amazing no stick bubbles™ Then proceed with this simple yet effective gumfight drill (1) Begin blowing bubble. Note Hubba Bubba's incredibly large bubble. (2) When the Hubba Bubba bubble breaks do not be alarmed. (3) Simply remove Hubba Bubba from your face That's right, simply remove and replace in mouth. Return to step 1. Repeat drill ten times

THE PROPER STANCE.



YOUR SIZE IS NOT IMPORTANT.

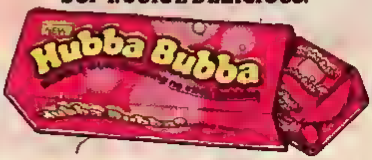
The size of your bubble is. And that means choosing the right bubble gum —Hubba Bubba. Because when it comes to great, big, fat bubbles, nothing sizes up to a Hubba Bubba bubble

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

This boy did. And now instead of wearing a smile, he's wearing a paper bag over the bubble gum stuck to his face. Definitely not new soft and juicy Hubba Bubba Bubble Gum. Does Hubba Bubba really work? Absolutely! Hubba Bubba is gumfighter tested and approved.

So pick up a pack of new Hubba Bubba in original or mint flavor. Enjoy that soft, juicy, delicious taste. Plus those great, big Hubba Bubba bubbles that won't stick to your face

SOFT. JUICY. DELICIOUS.



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ALL NEW!
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Check local listings for times and channel.

THE SHIP IS *ALONE* IN THE COLD HEART OF *SPACE*

IT SOARS *SILENTLY* THROUGH THE VACUUM--A GIANT *MUTE* TRAVERSING THE TRACKLESS VOID.

BUT, *WITHIN* THE *U.S.S. DOG STAR*, THERE IS A TUMULTUOUS *RACKET!* ALERT-SIRENS *SQUEAL* THEIR WARNINGS--COMPUTER CONSOLES *HUM* AND *CLATTER*--

--AND, ABOVE THE DIN, THE COLD, CONFIDENT VOICE OF *CAPTAIN SUZANNE WOO* IS HEARD BARKING ORDERS TO A NERVOUS *CREW*...

WATCH THOSE *POWER-METERS*, LIEUTENANT O'HARE! WE MAY BE THE *FIRST* SHIP EVER EQUIPPED WITH A FASTER-THAN-LIGHT *WARP DRIVE*--

BUT ONE *MISCALCULATION* AND WE'LL ALSO BE THE *LAST!*

The SAVIOURS!

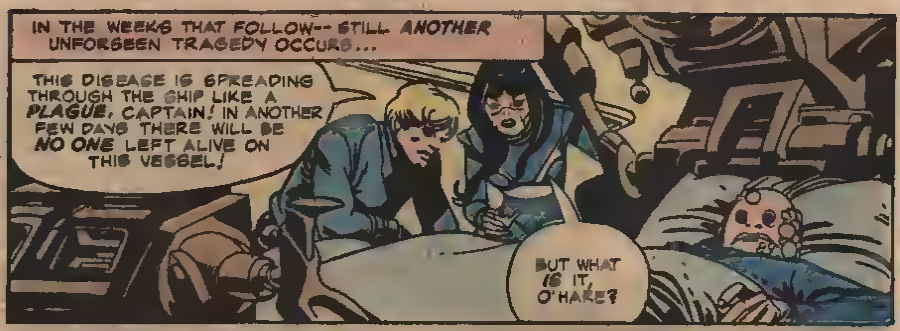
J.M. DE MATTEIS - STORY

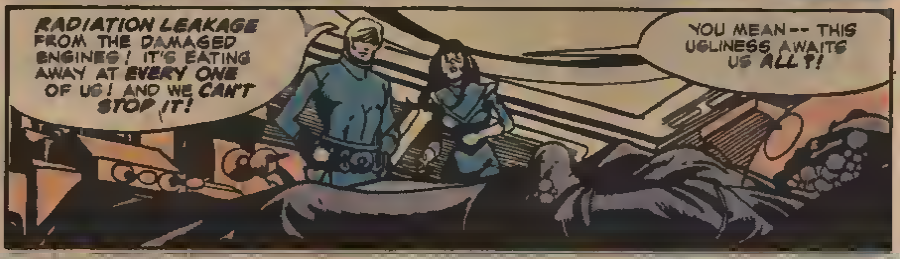
GIL KANE - ARTIST

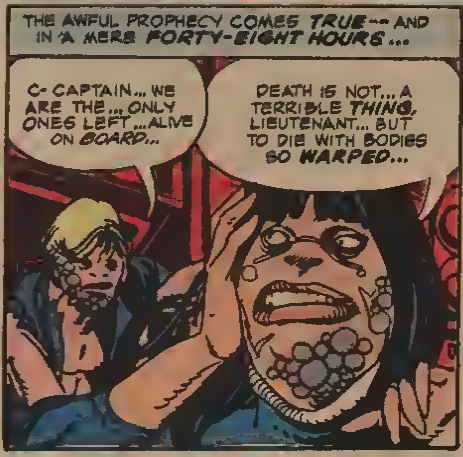
ADRIENNE ROY - COLORIST


I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BLOWING THE ENGINES, CAPTAIN--
-- WE MADE IT THROUGH IN ONE PIECE.
UNTIL NOW, THE CREW OF THE DOG STAR THOUGHT THEY'D BE PREPARED FOR THIS MOMENT-- FOR THE INSTANT WHEN THEIR VESSEL WOULD WARP THE VERY FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE AND ENTER HYPER-SPACE...
...THEY WERE WRONG...
LOOK AT IT, CAPTAIN. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY?
WHAT A SIGHT!
THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, LIEUTENANT-- SO PLEASE SPARE US YOUR POETIC OUTBURSTS!
YES, CAPTAIN...
...BUT MUST YOU LASH OUT AT ALL BEAUTY JUST BECAUSE IT IS DENIED TO YOU? WHY MUST YOU BE SO UNFEELING?!

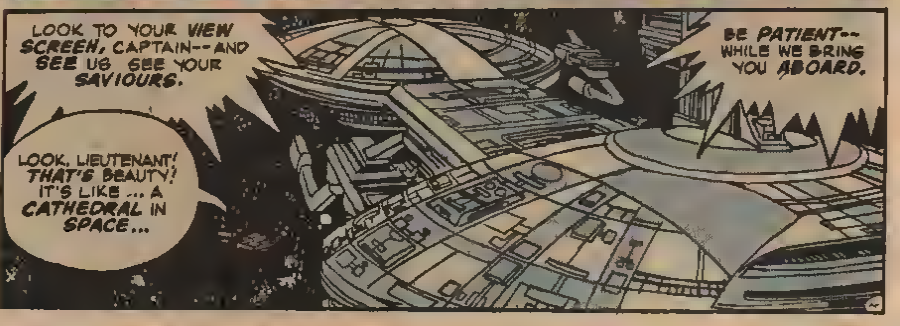

BUT, BENEATH CAPTAIN WOO'S ICY EXTERIOR, IS A SOUL IN TORMENT...
DAMN THEM ALL! THEY'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO BE... UGLY!
I'D TRADE THE GLORIES OF MY CAREER IN THE FLEET IN AN INSTANT IF I COULD ONLY GAZE INTO THE MIRROR AND SEE--
THE CAPTAIN'S REVERIE IS SUDDENLY CUT SHORT BY A VIOLENT...
WHAT THE DEVIL WAS THAT?!
FATHOOOM!
CAPTAIN WOO-- IT'S THE ENGINES-- ONE OF THEM RUPTURED! THE SHIP IS--
I KNOW, LIEUTENANT! WITH THAT ENGINE GONE--
"-- WE'RE BEING RIPPED RIGHT OUT OF HYPER-SPACE! I ONLY HOPE THE SHIP ISN'T RIPPED APART, TOO!"
IF ONLY HOPING COULD MAKE IT SO.
THE DOG STAR EMERGES FROM THE BOWELS OF HYPER-SPACE TO FIND ITSELF CRIPPLED AND LOST-- FLOATING, LIKE ERRANT, COSMIC DUST THROUGH AN UNKNOWN UNCHARTED SECTOR OF SPACE!


IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW-- STILL ANOTHER UNFORSEEN TRAGEDY OCCURS...
THIS DISEASE IS SPREADING THROUGH THE SHIP LIKE A PLAGUE, CAPTAIN! IN ANOTHER FEW DAYS THERE WILL BE NO ONE LEFT ALIVE ON THIS VESSEL!
BUT WHAT IS IT, O'HARE?


RADIATION LEAKAGE FROM THE DAMAGED ENGINES! IT'S EATING AWAY AT EVERY ONE OF US! AND WE CAN'T STOP IT!
YOU MEAN-- THIS UGLINESS AWAITS US ALL?!


THE AWFUL PROPHECY COMES TRUE-- AND IN A MERE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS...
C- CAPTAIN... WE ARE THE... ONLY ONES LEFT...ALIVE ON BOARD...
DEATH IS NOT... A TERRIBLE THING, LIEUTENANT... BUT TO DIE WITH BODIES SO WARPED...


AND THEN, A WARM, LILTING VOICE-- LIKE THE VOICE OF A GOD-- ECHOES ACROSS THE BRIDGE...
CAPTAIN WOO, LET US HELP.
CAPTAIN...
YES.. I HEAR IT, TOO!


LOOK TO YOUR VIEW SCREEN, CAPTAIN-- AND SEE US. SEE YOUR SAVIOURS.
BE PATIENT-- WHILE WE BRING YOU ABOARD.
LOOK, LIEUTENANT! THAT'S BEAUTY! IT'S LIKE... A CATHEDRAL IN SPACE...

THERE IS A SOFT GONGING SOUND-- FOLLOWED BY A GENTLE DESCENT INTO DARKNESS, AND THEN...

WELCOME, PEOPLE OF EARTH.

WE GREET YOU WITH LOVE IN OUR HEARTS.

WE ARE ONLY TOO SORRY THAT WE DID NOT HAPPEN UPON YOUR VESSEL BEFORE THE REST OF YOUR CREW PERISHED.

A PITY WE COULD NOT SAVE THEM, AS WELL.

WITH OUR SCIENCE, WE WILL BE ABLE TO TRANSFER YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS INTO FORMS GROWN IN OUR BODY BANKS.

YOU WILL NOT DIE.

LIKE YOU? BUT YOU'RE NOT HUMANS SUCH AS WE...

WHO CARES, CAPTAIN-- WE'LL BE ALIVE! BUT ...FOR HOW LONG?

FORMS AS LOVELY AS OUR OWN-- WHICH WILL BE YOURS TO DWELL IN FOR ETERNITY.

THINK OF IT, TO BE IN SUCH A BODY FOR ETERNITY!

IT'S LIKE A MIRACLE!

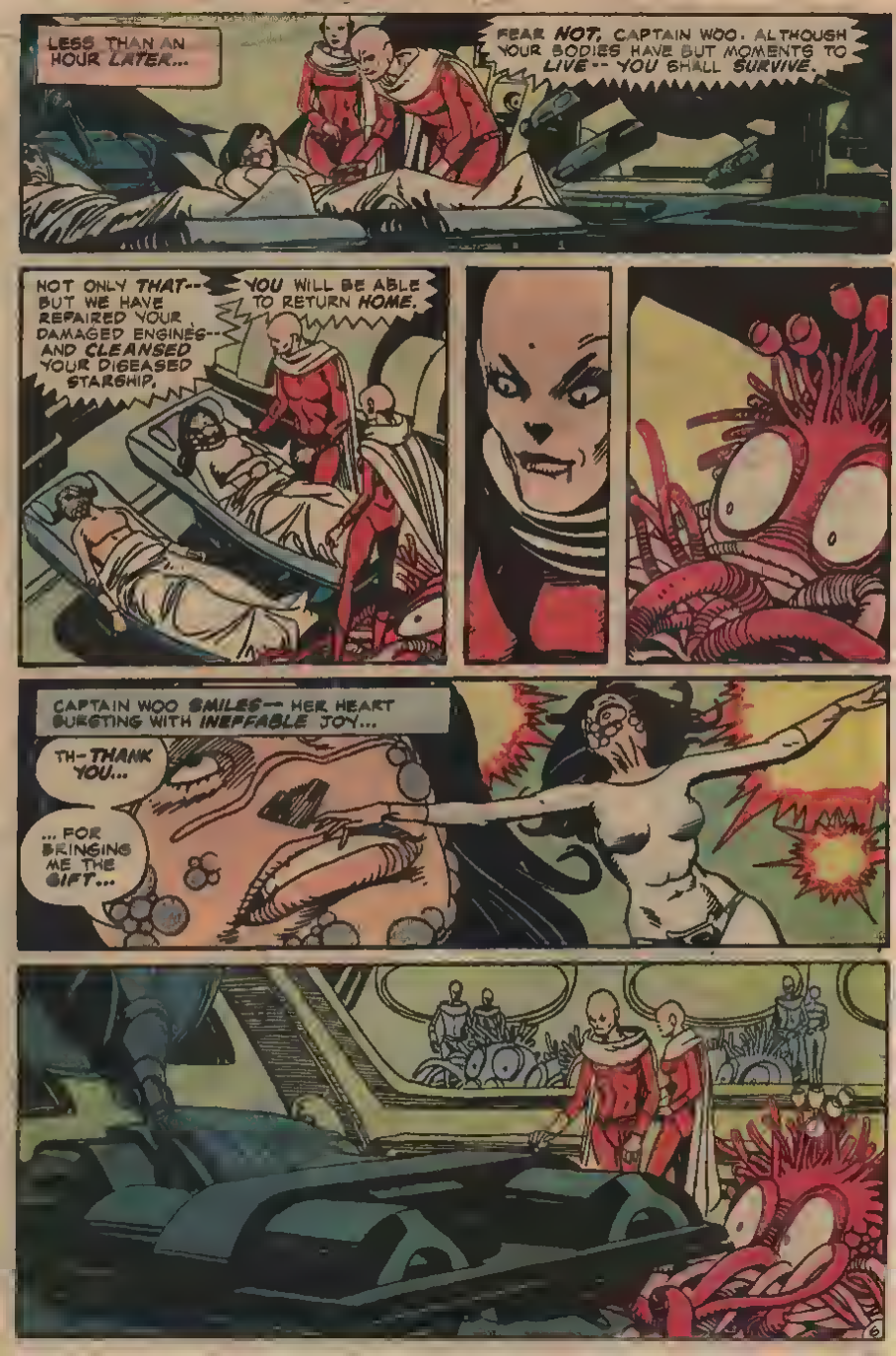
BUT AS THE RADIATION SICKNESS COURSES THROUGH HIS BODY, LT. O'HARE GASPS-- HIS WORDS BARELY AUDIBLE...

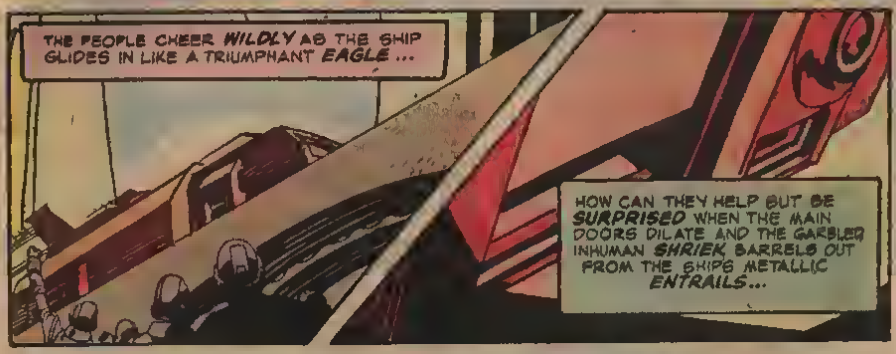
...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... YOU'RE BLINDED...BY DESIRE... BUT IF YOU LIVE... IT DOESN'T MATTER...

WHAT DID YOU SAY, O'HARE?

LIEUTENANT O'HARE...?

UNCONSCIOUS, THE LIEUTENANT CANNOT ANSWER.


LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...
FEAR NOT, CAPTAIN WOO. ALTHOUGH YOUR BODIES HAVE BUT MOMENTS TO LIVE -- YOU SHALL SURVIVE.
NOT ONLY THAT-- BUT WE HAVE REPAIRED YOUR DAMAGED ENGINES-- AND CLEANSED YOUR DISEASED STARSHIP.
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO RETURN HOME.
CAPTAIN WOO SMILES-- HER HEART BURSTING WITH INEFFABLE JOY...
TH-THANK YOU...
... FOR BRINGING ME THE GIFT...



AND HOW CAN THEY NOT RUN IN MAD TERROR, AS THE FILTHY, FETID-SMELLING THINGS COME SHAMBLING DOWN THE RAMP -- DRIPPING SLIME FROM THEIR GELATINOUS FORM! ONE IS SCREAMING IN A DISGUSTING DISTORTION OF HUMAN TONGUE.

NO, THE CROWD CANNOT POSSIBLY KNOW OF CAPTAIN WOO'S HORRIBLE MISTAKE. FOR, INDEED, THE ANGELIC GOD-LIKE BEINGS HAD BEEN THE PETS -- WHILE THE FOUL MONSTROSITIES HAD BEEN THE MASTERS!

I AM SUZANNE WOO!!

QUIT YOUR SCREAMING, CAPTAIN, WE'RE ALIVE AND WILL STILL BE ALIVE WHEN ALL OF OUR "FELLOW HUMANS" ARE DEAD AND GONE!

JUST THINK-- YOU AND I -- WOO AND O'HARE ARE EARTH'S NEW ADAM AND EVE! HA, HA HA, HA HA, HA!

END

In a recent conversation with Senior Editor Julius Schwartz, I learned a disturbing bit of information Julius Schwartz has never seen Star Wars He has viewed very few episodes of Star Trek He does not attend science fiction conventions and the last meeting of the Science Fiction Writers of America he attended was in April of 1979, where he accepted their President's Award on behalf of Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster for their creation of *Superman* It was the first time Julius Schwartz has ever attended a SWOA meeting although he was one of the original driving forces of science fiction fandom

The other startling fact I learned was that Julius Schwartz does not read very much science fiction these days Why? It was a question to which Julie himself had no ready answer Something some magical element is missing in today's s f that the thrilling science adventures of yesteryear always supplied

As we talked, an interesting parallel began to form from my own memories which began close to thirty years *after* Julie's. My interest in science fiction had been born when I read a 1957 issue of *ACTION COMICS* which featured a *Tommy Tomorrow of the Planeteers* story *STRANGE ADVENTURES MYSTERY IN SPACE* and *GREEN LANTERN* comics soon began to gather in ever-increasing numbers in my attic as my thirst for the fantastic needed more and more quenching *WORLDS OF IF SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE* soon found its way into my hands and many other worlds (literally) were opened to me I loved it! I felt somehow special in that I BELIEVED that travel to other worlds was possible From the comics I learned *Green Lantern's* sacred oath, I knew that *Adam Strange* traveled to the planet Rann (25 trillion miles away) via the Zeta-Beam! And the wonderful thing about all this trivial information was that I and I alone *knew* these secrets! My parents certainly didn't know these things and very few of my friends did none of them knew ALL the secrets found in the four color pages and in the few pulps which remained from the early days of science fiction

As I discussed these feelings and memories with Julie he explained that that was it! He had been one of only about 200 science fiction fans back in the early days truly one of a select few, a member of an elite club! As a comics fan in the late Fifties and early Sixties I too was one of a very few I was surprised, happily at first, to learn (through the 12th issue of The Comic Reader—mailed to me/ Dr Jerry Bails) that there were OTHER comic fans throughout the country others who knew the secrets of the *Justice League*, of *Green Lantern*, of *Adam Strange* I was not alone The feelings I was experiencing must have been identical to Julie's when he learned of and later attended a meeting of the fan club called Scienceers and met Mort Weisinger for the first time There was a sudden comradery born of a mutual interest and love

Part of such feelings demands that you 'spread the word' Everyone who has a special interest is always anxious to extend that interest to others Such was the case with early science fiction fans Julie Schwartz and Mort Weisinger as they put to press the world's first fanzine The Time Traveller And, inspired by this Jerry Bails and Roy Thomas, early comic fans put together the first comics fanzine, Alter-Ego some three decades later Then it began to snowball before long science fiction was 'in' comic books were 'collectors items' and the 200 people who attended the first World Science Fiction Convention and those who came after them, years later who attended the early Comicons had expanded their number to the thousands And therein lies the answer to Julie's question Why doesn't he throw himself into the world of science fiction any longer? Why? It's not because the water is too cold it's warmer than ever It's just that the pool is much too crowded! The elite club the special chosen few who knew the 'secrets' of science fiction were gone Those things we thought about in our hours of reading solitude were now common knowledge The magic is no longer magic once the 'tricks —the secrets are revealed The innocence is gone and it can never be the same

It is also clear in the comics Now, unlike the early days there is no guesswork as to who drew or wrote a certain story Credit lines scream the creative talents names like the opening credits of an epic film The process from idea, to script, to artwork, to published comic is well-known to even the casual readers There are no secrets, no 'behind-the-scenes'

The point here the bottom line is this The hows and whys of science fiction and comics are out in front these days, and that is not a bad thing The only thing that is missing is that

special feeling that you alone you reading this page might be the only one in the world to be privy to the information here With the open-door-policy of the comics industry these days you will never have the chance to feel as a part of a special club, an elite number You are but one of thousands of comic book fans across the country and the world who have anxiously waited for this issue of this comic

But now that I've brought this problem up front, is there any solution? Have I just let off my little amount of steam to see my words in print I really hope not. But I must confess that I do not have a solution of my own I am putting it forth to you the *TIME WARP* readership, to offer an answer And, perhaps in doing so you may solve it very easily Depending on how many respond to this challenge, there might just be a base of fans out there (the more verbal ones I presume) who will write This group just might be a beginning of a Critics Circle a small postal gathering" of people who will BE an elite club This is a possibility or maybe you can suggest another We are very anxious to hear from you

Our address is at the top of this page.

• • • • •

A few notes and interesting items this time out We'd like to welcome both Gil Kane and Mike Nasser back to the pages of DC Comics Mr Kane was famous for his *GREEN LANTERN* comics of the early Sixties (check out his cover for *GREEN LANTERN* #123) and we're proud to have him here in *TIME WARP* We've just handed him a second script and, as soon as his busy schedule permits he will be dashing it off to us Let's hope it's not too long

J M DeMatteis' "The Saviours" (which Gil has illustrated for this issue) was originally scheduled for our premiere issue, but we felt its theme was a bit too similar to some of the other stories which appeared there It seemed to offer more variety if we placed it here We hope those of you who were awaiting this tale felt the wait worthwhile

Mike Nasser caused quite a stir a few seasons back with his unique renderings of *The Batman*, *Wonder Woman*, *Challengers of the Unknown* and other *DC* features We think that science fiction and mystery themes suit his style perfectly and you'll be seeing more of his work here and in *HOUSE OF MYSTERY* and *SECRETS OF HAUNTED HOUSE* Mike is also (at this writing) the regular penciller on the *Black Lightning* feature in *WORLD'S FINEST COMICS* If you enjoy his super-hero work, don't miss this!

Another "new-old" talent gracing our pages for the first time this issue is Joe Orlando, our Illustrious Managing Editor Joe received his first big break back in the old *E.C.* line of science fiction comics, *WEIRD SCIENCE* and *WEIRD FANTASY* His return to the drawing board is the fulfillment of a long dream We have a suspicion that he was anxious to have *TIME WARP* published so he could once again push his creative pencil and pen across paper as an artist instead of an editor That's fine with us! Joe is still our Managing Editor of course but we have to give him a change to play (it keeps the pressure off!)

• • • • •

The nature of comic book publishing these days that we work very far in advance At the present time we are amassing stories for future issues We assign these tales to artists and, as soon as the completed work is turned in, we schedule it for a certain issue It is for this reason that we cannot tell you ahead of time just who or what will appear in the next issue Unlike the series books (the super-hero titles) the anthology books are literally "put together" This does give us the chance to offer a great variety of stories and art to you each time out And this brings up another point about the "type" of stories we are going to bring you

We do not wish to be pretentious with what we are doing We are trying to give you "fun" stories, tales that will surprise you with their endings and thrill you with their visions. We are not attempting to be the "definitive science fiction comic" We want to be up front about that from the beginning If you detect deep messages and inner meaning to the stories you find when you travel through the *TIME WARP*, fine That's an extra bonus on which we did not count It was not our foremost intent Remember *TIME WARP* is a book to be enjoyed and not studied

• • • • •

We now come to our favorite part of this page In future issues (as soon as we start receiving your letters), we'll be running our *TIME WARP READERS' POLL* in which we will be counting up the votes as to your favorite stories for each issue Since we are writing this column some months before the first issue hits the stands, we won't be able to give you the tally until some time from now It's unfortunate, but that's our own "time warp" which we have to deal with. Bear with us.

Here's all you have to do to vote Firstly, please keep your votes separate from your regular letters of comment We'd like your READERS POLL votes to be on postcards directed to TIME WARP READERS' POLL in care of the address at the top of this page Not only will you be able to see what your fellow readers think of our stories, but we will have an indication of what writers and artists you like to see, and we'll try our best to keep them on as regular a basis as we can con them into! It's up to you

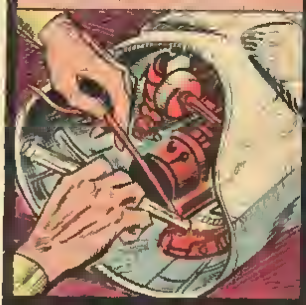
• • • • •

Now all this news and reader participation might be defeating our wish for "the elite club syndrom" but we've resigned ourselves to that problem, it's still open to solutions you may offer but on our editorial level, we LIKE having as many of you involved as possible! It's the FAN in us (and therefor you readers) for whom we wish to create a "*TIME WARP* clique"!

• • • • •

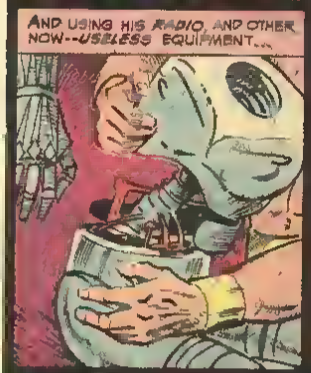
That's about it for another issue. Don't forget to prepare yourselves for another terrifying trip through *THE TIME WARP* in just 60 days You already know by now that the Earth will never be the same!—Jack C Harris

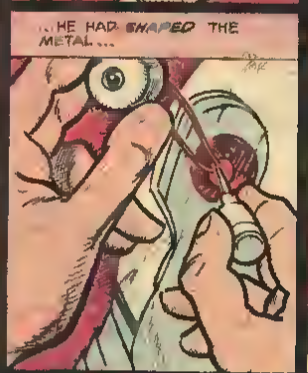
METAL


HE DIDN'T REMEMBER *WHEN* HE HAD BEGUN

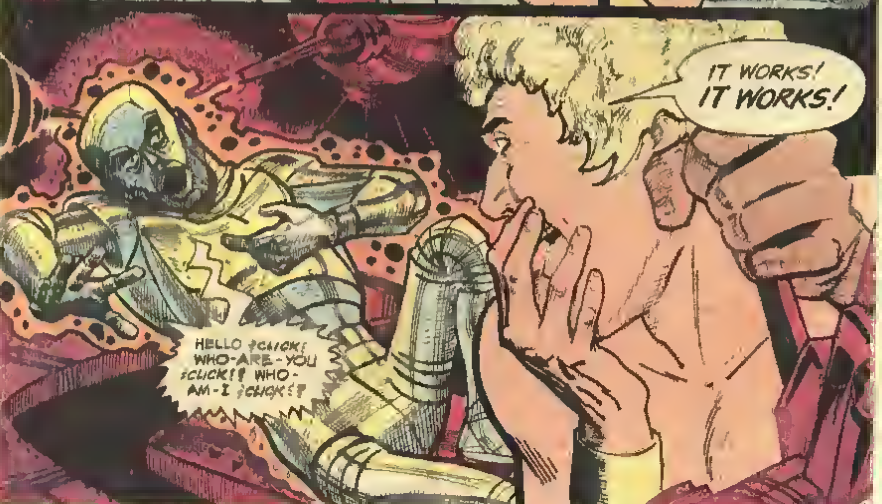

...BUT HE *DID* REMEMBER *WHY* *LONELINESS* ..


... A MOST COMPELLING REASON.


AND USING HIS *RADIO*, AND OTHER NOW--*USELESS* EQUIPMENT...


...HE HAD *SHAPED* THE METAL...


...YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT... AND NOW IT WAS COMPLETE!


IT WORKS! *IT WORKS!*
HELLO ¢CLICK¢ WHO-ARE-YOU ¢CLICK!? WHO-AM-I ¢CLICK¢?


MY NAME'S IKE -- AND YOU'RE A ROBOT I MADE TO KEEP ME COMPANY ON THIS DESOLATE PIECE OF ROCK!
VERY-NICE- ;CLICK! WHY- ARE- WE- HERE ;CLICK?
THIS IS AN OUTPOST... THE MOST REMOTE STATION FROM MY HOME... EARTH!
I WAS SENT HERE A LONG TIME AGO TO WATCH FOR... FOR...
HMMMM... I DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER WHAT I WAS SENT FOR... IT'S BEEN SO LONG...
WHAT-IS- EARTH ;CLICK?
EARTH? WELL, NOW I DO REMEMBER EARTH! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLANET WITH ALL KINDS OF WONDERFULLY WARM THINGS... SOFT AND GENTLE! I GUESS I'M TALKING ABOUT WOMEN!
WOMEN? WHAT-ARE- WOMEN ;CLICK?
OH, THEY'RE SUGAR, THEY'RE SPICE, THEY'RE NICE, AND I'D GIVE MY EYETEETH FOR A...
WAIT ;CLICK! I HEAR-VOICES-LIKE-YOURS-IN-MY-HEAD- ;CLICK! COMING-FROM-UP-THERE ;CLICK?
OH... IF YOU YOUR HEAD'S MADE FROM MY OLD RADIO! YOU'RE PICKING UP A SHIP'S SIGNAL!
2


IT IS A SHIP -- IT IS! THEY'RE COMING FOR ME! I'LL SEE EARTH ... WOMEN!
THEY - ARE - ASKING - FOR - LANDING - COORDINATES ¿CLICK¿!
YOU CAN DO IT. YOU HAVE ALL MY COMPUTER'S TAPES! TELL THEM WHERE TO LAND.
OKAY ¿CLICK¿!
SILENTLY, THE ROBOT BEAMS THE DIRECTIONAL SIGNAL TO THE SHIP...
DAMN ROBOT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? TELL THEM TO PULL UP...
KA-BROOOOOOM
YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE! DAMN YOU-- WHY!?
I-I...
I WANT YOU TO STAY HERE AND MAKE ME INTO WOMAN - ¿CLICK¿
I WANT TO BE SUGAR - ¿CLICK¿ SPICE - ¿CLICK¿ WOMAN... SOFT...
SOFT ¿CLICK¿ WOMAN ¿CLICK¿
BEAUTIFUL ¿CLICK¿
SOFT ¿CLICK¿
SUGAR ¿CLICK¿
WOMAN ¿CLICK¿
BEAUTIFUL ¿CLICK¿
SCRIPT: JACK C HARRIS
ART: JOE ORLANDO
HE DID NOT REMEMBER WHEN HE HAD BEGUN -- BUT HE DID REMEMBER WHY - LONELINESS, A MOST COMPELLING REASON.
3

SYGMA SEVEN: THE FARTHEST OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION, BUSTLING WITH TRADING SHIPS PROBING TOWARDS INTERGALACTIC SPACE.

HENRY PRINCE IS SYGMA SEVEN'S MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN, THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE PLANET AND ADDED LIGHT YEARS TO KNOWN SPACE.

BUT NOW HENRY PRINCE PROPOSES TO TAKE ONE MORE STEP... PUSHING BACK THE UNKNOWN YET AGAIN. NOT EVERYONE LIKES THE WAY HENRY WANTS TO DO IT, THOUGH.

IN THE END, THE QUESTION IS THIS: WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, WILL THIS REALLY BE ..

The LAST JOURNEY

UNFAIR TO ANDROIDS!

UNGRATEFUL HUMAN!

STOP TRYING TO PUT US OUT OF WORK!

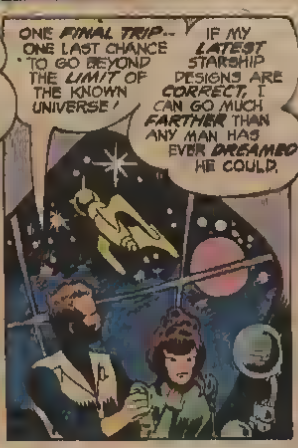
PAUL LEVITZ, WRITER ★ STEVE DITKO, ARTIST ★ BEN ODA, LETTERER ★ ADRIENNE ROY COLORIST


THIS WAY, CITIZEN PRINCE--YOUR SKIMMER.
THE CROWD'LL BURN UP ... I'LL JUST SLIP RIGHT PAST THEM. THANKS, OFFICER.
OUR SERVICE, CITIZEN!
THAT GUILD OF ANDROID PILOTS KEEPS GETTING CRAZIER! HAVE TO LIFT SHIP SOON--
--OR IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE!
KLIK
AH... THERE YOU ARE, JOANNA, MY LOVE. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU FOR HOURS!
I HEARD YOU HAD LANDED, HENRY, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO CALL YOU...
..NOT UNTIL I KNEW WHETHER YOU WERE HOME TO STAY.
MUST WE START AGAIN, JO? I CAN'T TAKE IT.
I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO START, HENRY. I WANT YOU TO FINISH.
IT WAS THE OLD ARGUMENT. THEY'D FOUGHT IT OUT BEFORE... AND NOW HENRY WAS DETERMINED THEY'D FIGHT IT ONE LAST TIME.
WHANK
2


JOANNA, LET'S TALK
THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT, HENRY.
FOR YEARS YOU'VE BEEN PROMISING TO STOP EXPLORING AND SETTLE DOWN.


WHEN YOU DISCOVERED SYGMA SEVEN I THOUGHT I HAD FINALLY WON, YOU EVEN ADMITTED THIS WAS THE PERFECT PLANET!
BUT THIS SOLAR YEAR ALL YOU'VE TALKED ABOUT IS ANOTHER VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY--A LAST JOURNEY.
NOW YOU EVEN WENT AND TOOK A TEST FLIGHT! IT'S TOO MUCH!


I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, HENRY. I CAN'T.
I WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO, JOANNA...EXCEPT THAT WE LOVE EACH OTHER AND I HOPED YOU'D UNDERSTAND.
I'M SO CLOSE!


ONE FINAL TRIP--ONE LAST CHANCE TO GO BEYOND THE LIMIT OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!
IF MY LATEST STARSHIP DESIGNS ARE CORRECT, I CAN GO MUCH FARTHER THAN ANY MAN HAS EVER DREAMED HE COULD.


DON'T YOU SEE MY LOVE, IT WILL BE A TRUE JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN THAT MANKIND WILL REMEMBER FOREVER.
IF THE ANDROIDS LET YOU, YOU MEAN.


BLAST THE ANDROIDS!


DON'T YOU REALIZE--THEY'RE ONLY TRYING TO PROTECT THEIR OWN JOBS! MAYBE THEY ARE GOOD PILOTS--BETTER THAN HUMANS--
--BUT MY NEWLY DESIGNED STARSHIPS WOULDN'T NEED THEM!


MAN'S CONQUEST OF THE UNIVERSE CAN'T STOP BECAUSE THOSE WALKING CHEMICAL STINKPOTS WANT TO GET RICH!
I MUST GO!
ALL RIGHT, MY DEAREST. I SURRENDER. I KNOW NOW I CAN'T HOPE TO HOLD YOU HERE.
BUT IF YOU ARE TO GO, THIS TIME I SHALL GO WITH YOU!
WHAT--??? BUT THAT'S WONDERFUL!
YOU'LL SEE, JOANNA-- I'LL BE TRUE TO MY WORD!
I PROMISE--THIS WILL BE THE LAST JOURNEY--I SWEAR IT!
BUT SUDDENLY...
KRASH
IN THAT NEXT SHATTERING SECOND, THE UNSTABLE QUANTA OF THE SOLABOMB REACHED MAXIMUM--WITH PREDICTABLE RESULTS...
KULTHOOM


UNH... JOANNA... UHHH...
EASY, CITIZEN PRINCE... BE STILL.
WH-WHERE AM I? WHERE'S JOANNA -- IS SHE HURT?
YOU ARE IN THE MEDICENTER, OF COURSE, CITIZEN. YOU HAVE ONLY TO LOOK AT YOURSELF TO REALIZE HOW GREVIOUSLY YOU WERE INJURED.
YOU SHALL LIVE, AND FUNCTION -- WITH PROPER CARE
BUT YOUR FEMALE -- THAT IS A DIFFERENT CASE. HER SHELL IS ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED. ONLY THE BRAIN SURVIVES.
IT WAS THOSE BLASTED ANDROID PILOTS -- THEY DID THIS!
THEY THOUGHT IT'D KEEP ME FROM MAKING MY TRIP -- MAYBE EVEN KILL ME!
BUT IT WON'T!
CITIZEN -- YOU CAN'T RISE YET! YOU'RE TOO WEAK!
JUST -- UNHH -- WATCH ME, DOCTOR!
NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME NOW -- NOTHING!
AND SO HENRY WENT TO WORK: MAKING FINAL ADJUSTMENTS, ADDING SAFETY DEVICES, INCREASING THE STARSHIP'S POWER.
SOON EVERYTHING WAS IN WORKING ORDER... BUT THERE WAS STILL A PROBLEM...
5

AND THERE WAS ONLY *ONE* PERSON WITH WHOM HENRY COULD SHARE HIS PROBLEMS...EVEN IF SHE *COULDN'T HEAR* THEM ANY LONGER...

I CAN'T GET A *CREW*, JOANNA, DO YOU *BELIEVE* THAT?

AFTER ALL MY *VOYAGES*--ALL MY *DISCOVERIES*--NO ONE WILL TAKE SHIP WITH ME

THEY'RE ALL AFRAID THERE'LL BE *MORE VIOLENCE*.

ONLY *YOU* BELIEVED IN ME--ONLY YOU *DARED* WITH ME. LORD, HOW I MISS YOU.

WE WOULD HAVE SHOWED THEM ALL!

WAIT! MAYBE THAT'S THE *ANSWER!* MAYBE WE CAN *STILL* DO IT!

GET READY, MY LOVE--YOU'RE TRAVELLING TO THE *FARTHEST STAR!*

SOMEHOW, HENRY PULLED IT OFF--A FEW WEEKS *LATER*, HE BLASTED OFF FOR *STARS UNKNOWN*--

--*WITHOUT* A CREW MANNING HIS SHIP

THERE WE GO--EASY DOES IT ON THE MAIN ION STREAM ENGINE!

START *CORRECTIVE* COURSE MANEUVERS AS SOON AS WE'RE PAST ROCHE'S LIMIT.

PERFECT. TAKE OFF. WE'RE ON OUR WAY, AND THERE'S NOT A *THING* THE ANDROIDS CAN DO NOW!


WE'RE OFF TO THE ENDS OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE, AND I'VE SHOWN THE ANDROIDS THEY CAN BE DONE WITHOUT.
WE'RE PILOTING THIS STARSHIP--YOU AND ME--
--JOANNA, MY LOVE.
YES... HENRY... WE... HAVE... DONE... IT!
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE MOMENT THE IDEA CAME TO ME, JOANNA AS I SAT THERE BY YOUR HOSPITAL BED
BUT I CONFESS, I WAS NEVER SURE WE COULD DO IT
"IT WAS EASY GETTING THE SHIP SET UP SO YOUR LIVING BRAIN COULD CONTROL IT BETTER THAN AN ANDROID CREW"
BUT STEALING YOU OUT OF THE MEDICENTER, THAT WAS THE TRICK!"
I DID IT, THOUGH, DIDN'T I?
YES... HENRY...
THE ONLY THING EVEN RELATED TO THOSE STUPID ANDROIDS ON THE STARSHIP IS THIS TAPE THEY SENT ME
I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO HEAR THEIR THREATS ON SYGMA SEVEN, BUT WHY DON'T WE PLAY IT NOW--FOR THE LAUGH?
AFTER ALL-- WE'VE WON, AND THEY'VE LOST HA HA HA...
KRUPA
7

WE OF THE ANDROID PILOTS GUILD SEND YOU ONE *FINAL WARNING*, HENRY PRINCE.

UNTIL NOW, WE HOPED YOU MIGHT BE *PERSUADED* OUT OF YOUR FOOLISH JOURNEY BY OUR THREATS -- AND OUR ACTIONS.

NOW WE REALIZE THAT IS *FALSE HOPE*. ALL WE CAN DO TO *CONVINCE* YOU NOT TO GO IS TELL YOU THE *TRUTH*.

IT IS OUR *LOVE* FOR YOU THAT MADE US TRY AND *STOP* YOUR JOURNEY, HENRY PRINCE -- NOT OUR *FEAR* OF BEING OBSOLETE.

WHAT KIND OF *NONSENSE* IS THIS -- I'M SHUTTING THE TAPE *OFF*!

NO... HENRY... LET... US... LISTEN...

OUR ANDROID CREWS HAVE LONG SINCE GONE *FAR BEYOND* WHERE *HUMANS* HAVE TRAVELLED. WE *KNOW* WHERE YOU JOURNEY.

YOU TRAVEL *BEYOND* THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE -- AND THERE IS *NOTHING* BEYOND. AND *NO RETURN*.

IF YOU MAKE THIS VOYAGE, *FATAL* AS IT MUST BE, WE BID YOU *FARE*--

SLAM

THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS IS *RIDICULOUS!*

THERE'S NO *LIMIT* TO THE KNOWN UNIVERSE -- MAN'S KNOWLEDGE CAN *ALWAYS* PUSH BACK THE UNKNOWN!

THAT WAS THE *CLUMSIEST SCARE TACTIC* I'VE *EVER* HEARD!

BUT IN THAT *VERY INSTANT*, HENRY PRINCE LEARNED HE *WAS WRONG*.

HIS STARSHIP *LEFT* THE KNOWN UNIVERSE, AND WAS *NEVER* HEARD FROM AGAIN...

NO ONE KNOWS, OF COURSE, IF HE *DID* FIND SOMETHING OUT THERE OR IF HE AND HIS SHIP SIMPLY *VANISHED*.

BUT KNOWING *HENRY* -- AND JOANNA -- DON'T *YOU* THINK THEY WOULD HAVE COME BACK... IF THEY *COULD*?

THE END

WOWIE! ZOWIE!

CBS SATURDAY MORNING'S LOOKING GOOD

8:00 EASTERN TIME

NEW

ADVENTURES OF

MIGHTY MOUSE AND HECKLE AND JECKLE

HECKLE AND JECKLE GET THEIR KICKS! THEY'RE WACKY, WILD AND UP TO TRI

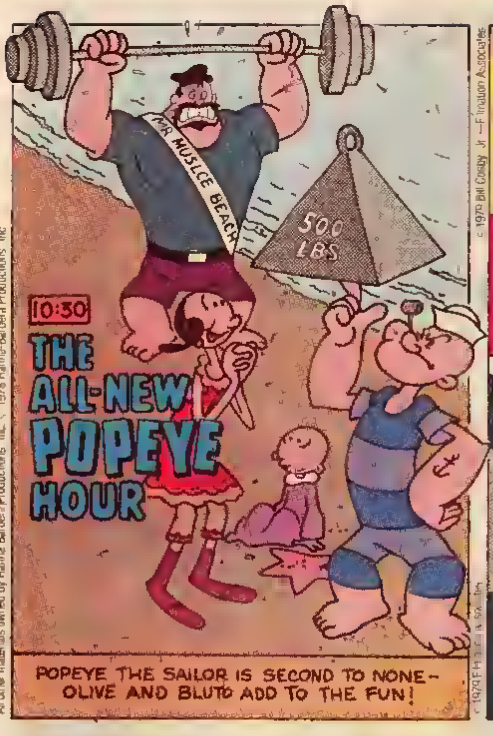
MIGHTY MOUSE

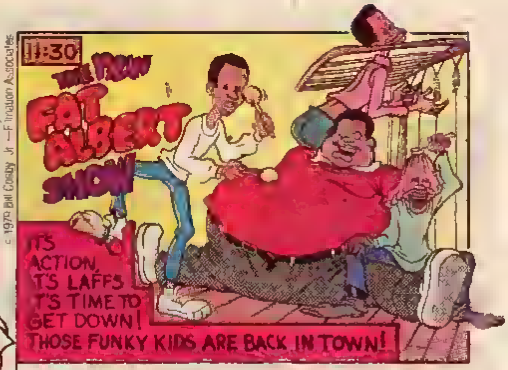
MIGHTY MOUSE SAVES THE DAY ZAPPING FOES WHO STAND IN HIS WAY!

9:00

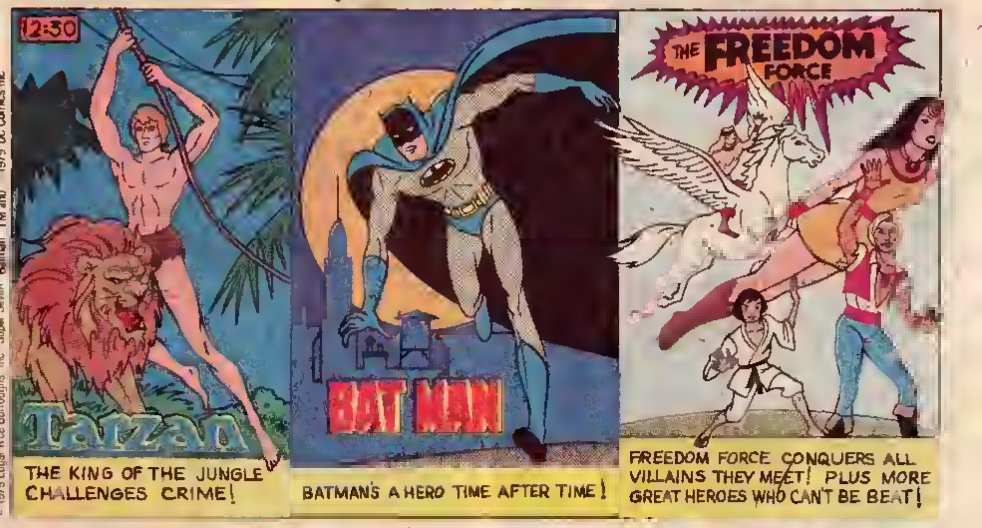
The Bugs Bunny Road Runner Show

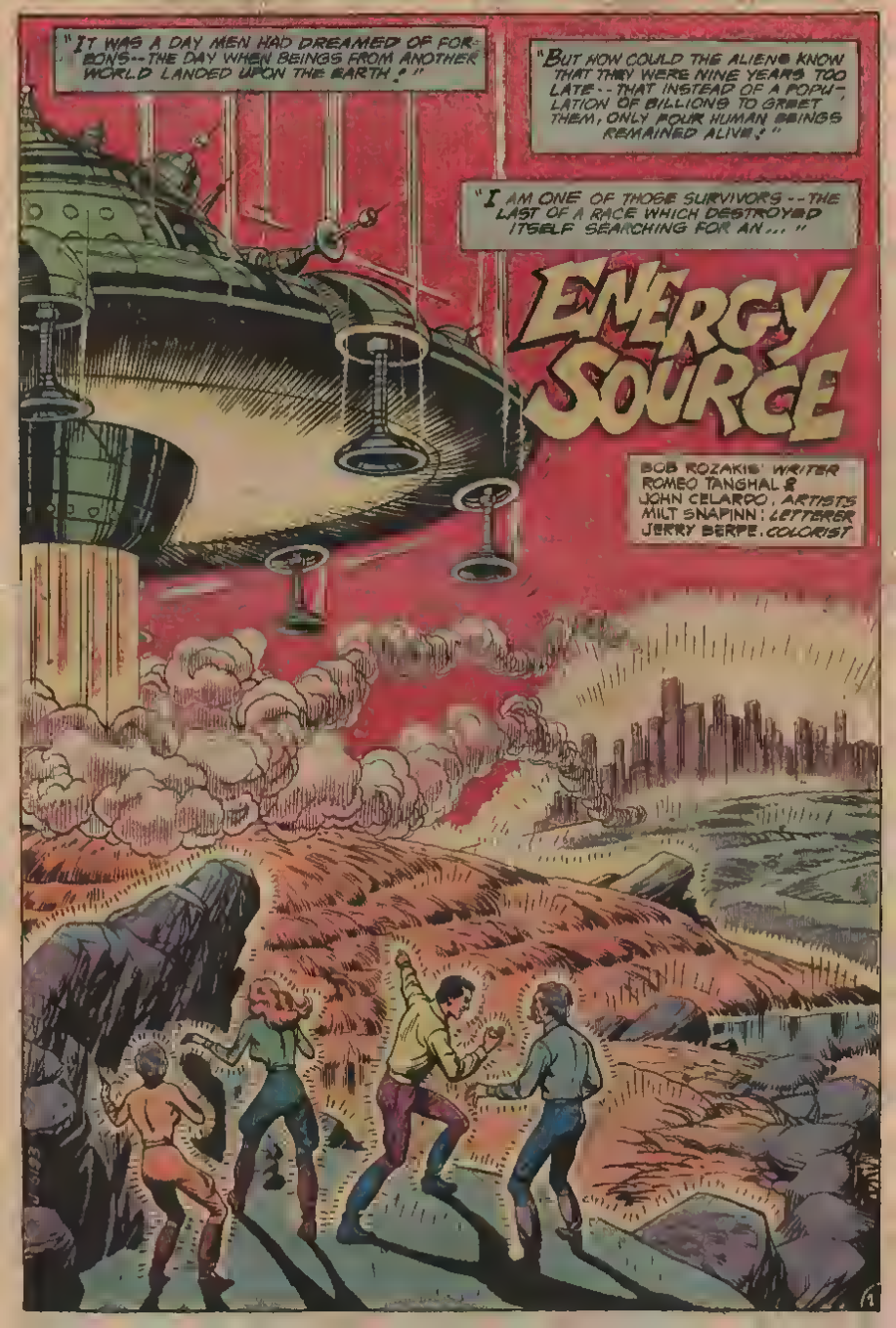
THAT "WIDDLE GWAY WABBIT" IS HAVING A BALL, WITH DAFFY, TWEETY AND LAUGHTER FOR ALL! THEN SPEEDY ROAD RUNNER ZOOMS FASTER THAN LIGHT, COYOTE CANT CATCH HIM, TRY AS HE MIGHT!

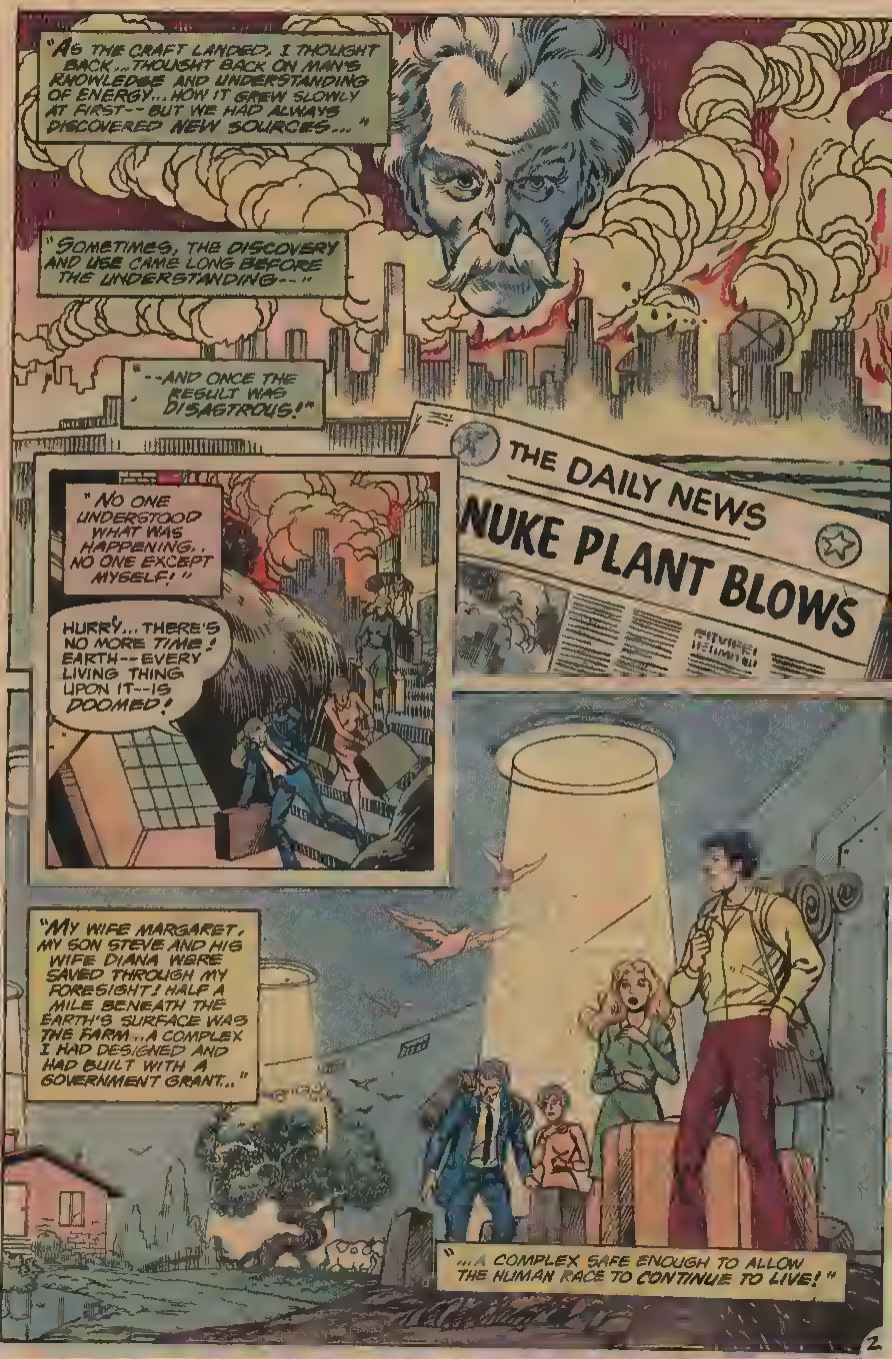




TARZAN AND THE SUPER SEVEN




"IT WAS A DAY MEN HAD DREAMED OF FOR-EONS--THE DAY WHEN BEINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD LANDED UPON THE EARTH!"
"BUT HOW COULD THE ALIENS KNOW THAT THEY WERE NINE YEARS TOO LATE--THAT INSTEAD OF A POPU-LATION OF BILLIONS TO GREET THEM, ONLY FOUR HUMAN BEINGS REMAINED ALIVE!"
"I AM ONE OF THOSE SURVIVORS--THE LAST OF A RACE WHICH DESTROYED ITSELF SEARCHING FOR AN..."
ENERGY SOURCE
BOB ROZAKIS: WRITER
ROMEO TANGHAL & JOHN CELARDO: ARTISTS
MILT SNAPINN: LETTERER
JERRY BERPE: COLORIST


"AS THE CRAFT LANDED, I THOUGHT BACK...THOUGHT BACK ON MAN'S KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING OF ENERGY...HOW IT GREW SLOWLY AT FIRST--BUT WE HAD ALWAYS DISCOVERED NEW SOURCES..."
"SOMETIMES, THE DISCOVERY AND USE CAME LONG BEFORE THE UNDERSTANDING--"
"--AND ONCE THE RESULT WAS DISASTROUS!"
THE DAILY NEWS
NUKE PLANT BLOWS
"NO ONE UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS HAPPENING, NO ONE EXCEPT MYSELF!"
HURRY...THERE'S NO MORE TIME! EARTH--EVERY LIVING THING UPON IT--IS DOOMED!
"MY WIFE MARGARET, MY SON STEVE AND HIS WIFE DIANA WERE SAVED THROUGH MY FORESIGHT! HALF A MILE BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE WAS THE FARM...A COMPLEX I HAD DESIGNED AND HAD BUILT WITH A GOVERNMENT GRANT..."
"...A COMPLEX SAFE ENOUGH TO ALLOW THE HUMAN RACE TO CONTINUE TO LIVE!"


"MY DECISION TO ENTER THE COMPLEX HAD NOT BEEN WRONG! ONLY DAYS AFTER OUR RETREAT UNDERGROUND..."
... AND A PERMANENT RECORDING OF THESE PAST DAYS IS BEING LEFT SO THAT IF SOME FUTURE RACE DISCOVERS OUR WORLD, THEY WILL KNOW HOW MAN, IN HIS OWN INTERESTS, DESTROYED HIMSELF!
THIS IS BILL MORGAN, SIGNING OFF.. FOR THE LAST TIME...
OH, LORD...
WE HAVE SURVIVED! AND PERHAPS THERE ARE OTHERS WHO HAVE DONE SO!
THOUGH OUR PLANET MAY BE DOOMED.. MAN IS NOT.
DAD'S RIGHT, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE ULTRONIC FREQUENCY TRANSMITTER.
FOR TWO DAYS, I'VE BEEN BEAMING AN SOS OUT INTO SPACE IN THE HOPE SOME ALIEN RACE WILL COME TO OUR AID...
YOU'VE BEEN WHAT? THERE'S NOBODY OUT THERE TO PLAY CAVALRY AND RIDE TO OUR RESCUE.
IF WE'RE TO SURVIVE, WE'VE GOT TO DO IT OURSELVES.
YOU'RE WRONG, MR. RIPLEY! THERE HAS TO BE LIFE OUT THERE... SOMEWHERE!
MM! BOTH OF YOU ARE DREAMERS.
SOMEDAY WE WILL WALK THE SURFACE OF THIS WORLD AGAIN... WE AND OUR DESCENDENTS.
I THINK YOU ARE THE DREAMER, DAD. BUT I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT - I STILL WON'T STOP TRYING TO CONTACT... ALIEN HELP!
DO AS YOU WILL.. YOUR SKEPTICISM WILL GROW INTO BELIEF, STEVEN... WAIT AND SEE.
PERHAPS YOUR SKEPTICISM WILL SUBSIDE AS WELL, MR RIPLEY.

"THE MONTHS PASSED, AND FOR ALL THAT TIME, THERE WAS NOTHING TO SUPPORT MY THEORY... OR THAT OF MY SON..."

STILL NO CHANGE IN THE RADIATION LEVELS ON THE SURFACE, SON!

AND NOTHING FROM SPACE, DAD! BUT SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN EVENTUALLY.

SAFE

RADIATION LEVEL

STILL, OUR LIVES WERE QUITE COMFORTABLE ON THE FARM...

NOTHING LIKE A CONTROLLED CLIMATE FOR GROWING VEGETABLES. I NEVER HAD SUCH A GOOD CROP... UP THERE.

THIS WHOLE LIFE IS SO... SO EASY.

CONSIDERING THE ALTERNATIVES, IT'S A JOY.

NOT FOR LONG..

DAD! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

TERRIBLY... TERRIBLY WRONG!

THE RADIATION FROM ABOVE... IT'S GETTING CLOSER TO US.

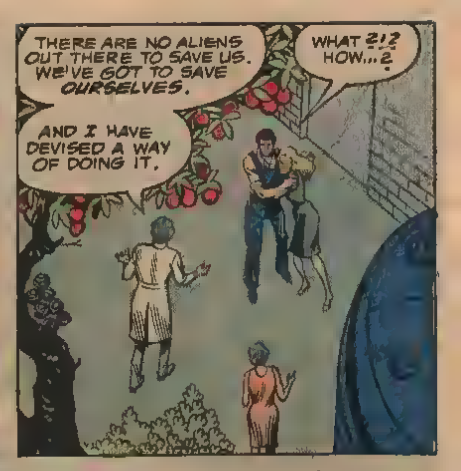
BUT HOW, DARLING..

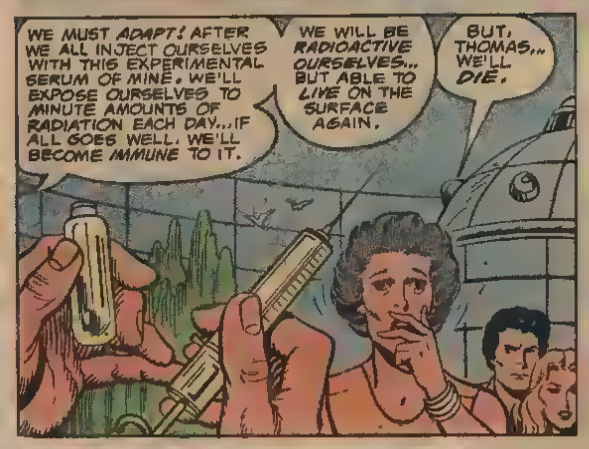
...HOW?

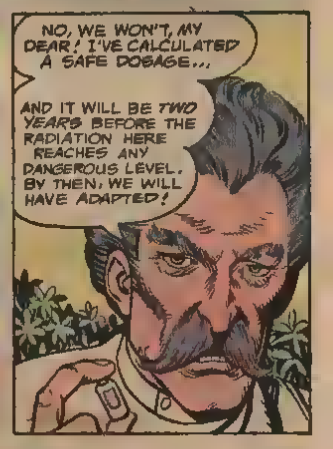
THE RAINS... THEY KEEP FALLING... AND EACH TIME, THEY WASH THOSE RADIOACTIVE POISONS DEEPER INTO THE GROUND...

... AND NEARER TO US.


THEN... THEN I'VE GOT TO BOOST MY SIGNAL INTO SPACE!
WE'LL NEED ALIEN AID MORE THAN EVER.
STEVE... WAIT!


THERE ARE NO ALIENS OUT THERE TO SAVE US. WE'VE GOT TO SAVE OURSELVES.
WHAT ?!? HOW...?
AND I HAVE DEVISED A WAY OF DOING IT.


WE MUST ADAPT! AFTER WE ALL INJECT OURSELVES WITH THIS EXPERIMENTAL SERUM OF MINE. WE'LL EXPOSE OURSELVES TO MINUTE AMOUNTS OF RADIATION EACH DAY... IF ALL GOES WELL. WE'LL BECOME IMMUNE TO IT.
WE WILL BE RADIOACTIVE OURSELVES... BUT ABLE TO LIVE ON THE SURFACE AGAIN.
BUT, THOMAS... WE'LL DIE.


NO, WE WON'T, MY DEAR! I'VE CALCULATED A SAFE DOSAGE...
AND IT WILL BE TWO YEARS BEFORE THE RADIATION HERE REACHES ANY DANGEROUS LEVEL. BY THEN, WE WILL HAVE ADAPTED!


THAT'S CRAZY, DAD! WHO KNOWS WHAT COULD HAPPEN IN THOSE TWO YEARS?
DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, SON! EITHER YOU DO AS I SAY...
WE COULD BE SAFELY ABOARD SOME ALIEN SHIP BY THEN... OR LIVING ON A CLEAN WORLD!


...OR YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

"IT TOOK OVER A MONTH OF PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT, BUT MY SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW EVENTUALLY SAW THE LOGIC IN MY WORDS..."

"AND FINALLY, TWENTY-SIX MONTHS AFTER MY DISCOVERY..."

IT'S TIME... TIME TO SEE WHAT THE PLANET EARTH LOOKS LIKE AFTER NINE YEARS.

IT'S SO... QUIET!

IT'S SO DEAD. THERE ISN'T ANOTHER LIVING CREATURE ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET.

BUT WE HAVE SURVIVED...

...AND WE WILL BE THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

"WE RETURNED TO OUR ABOVE-GROUND HOME AND BEGAN TO LIVE AGAIN. THOUGH NOTHING WOULD GROW IN THE CONTAMINATED SOIL, WE HAD PLENTY OF PRE-DISASTER FOOD TO EAT. IT WAS RADIOACTIVE...BUT THAT NO LONGER CONCERNED US..."

"THEN, ONE DAY..."

VRRRRR

WHAT...?

IT'S... IT'S...

OH, LORD...


"...THEM!" CRIED STEVE. IT WAS INDEED SOME KIND OF SPACECRAFT..."
I TOLD YOU THEY WOULD COME! I TOLD YOU SOME LIFE-FORM WOULD PICK UP MY SIGNAL AND COME FOR US.
WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE GONE ALONG WITH YOU.
IF YOU HADN'T, YOU'D BE DEAD NOW.
"WE WERE ALL FRIGHTENED. HOW WOULD THESE VISITORS TREAT US? WOULD THEY TURN FROM OUR DEADLY, RADIOACTIVE BODIES AND FLEE?"
HE'S CALLING TO US. THEY WANT US TO COME ABOARD.
"IT APPEARED MY SON WAS CORRECT. THESE CREATURES WERE PROTECTED FROM OUR RADIATION BY THEIR SPACESUITS..."
THEY SEEM PREPARED FOR US, SON. I AM FORCED TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU FOR NOT BELIEVING.
I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY AS WELL, DAD.
"SUDDENLY, WE ALL REALIZED THAT IT WASN'T BENEVOLENCE WHICH HAD BROUGHT THESE CREATURES TO EARTH... AND TO US..."
"IT WAS A QUEST FOR FUEL FOR THEIR SHIP... AN ENERGY SOURCE..."
"...AND THAT ATOMIC, RADIO-ACTIVE SOURCE."
POUNDD
WHAM
"...WAS US!"
WHAAM
The End

START YOUR OWN COLLECTION OF

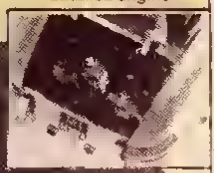
burago RACE & RALLYE CARS

Made of tough, durable, **DIE-CAST METAL**

Hand-crafted in Italy!

Accurately scaled models are a full handful of fun—just 24 times smaller than the real car. Incredibly detailed!

Trunk opens to reveal fully detailed engine



Hood opens to reveal spare tire

*This Porsche Carrera is a big, 7" long and weighs over ¾ pound!

Doors open to reveal complete, detailed interior

Models Available

- No 114 Porsche Carrera (illustrated above)
- No 137 Fiat Abarth Spider
- No 144 Alfa Romeo
- No 113 Datsun 240 Z
- No 133 Ferrari 512
- No 122 Mercedes 450
- No 108 Lancia Stratos
- No 110 BMW

} not illustrated

All models available at your favorite toy or hobby store at less than **$7.00** each

USE THIS $1.00 OFF COUPON TO START YOUR COLLECTION

You can get these Burago cars at your favorite toy or hobby store.
(A list of some of the stores that carry Burago is printed below.)

If the store near you does not yet carry Burago cars, you may order them directly from us. Here's how: Just send us your name and address (printed clearly on a sheet of paper) along with 50¢ in coin to cover postage and handling. By return mail we'll send you a full color catalog showing all the Burago cars and complete ordering instructions. Mail to:

Euro Imports, Inc
19-H Gardner Road
Fairfield, N.J. 07006

$1 **THIS COUPON WORTH $1.00 TOWARD THE PURCHASE OF ANY BURAGO CAR.** $1

Mail this coupon with the end flap from any Burago car box to: Euro Imports, Inc., 19-H Gardner Rd., Fairfield, N.J. 07006. We'll send you our check for $1.00, plus a full-color catalog illustrating all of the Burago cars.

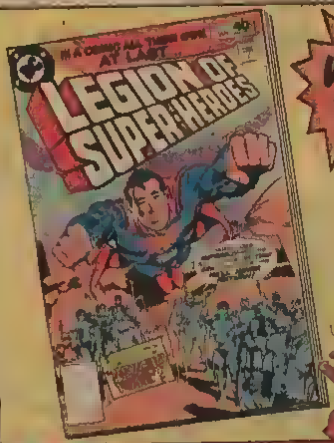
NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Only one coupon redeemable per customer

Here are some of the stores that carry Burago: ***Northeast:*** Dail Drug Stores, Fisher's Big Wheel, Gee-Bee Stores, Hobby Town, Kay Bee Toy & Hobby Shops, Montgomery Ward, People's Drug Stores, Playtown Stores, Sabina's News, Thrift Drug, Tiny Tots, Toys R Us, Valley Fair. ***Southeast:*** Dail Drug Stores, Fountain Hobby, Gee-Bee Stores, K & K Toys, Montgomery Ward, People's Drug Stores, Richway, Thrift Drug, Toy City, Toys R Us. ***North Central:*** Brigham Stores, Buehler's, Clarkin's, Consolidated Warehouse Stores, Copps Corp., Elyria City, Hobby Center Inc., Kay Bee Toy & Hobby Shops, Lane Drugs, Meijer Thrifty Acres, Montgomery Ward, People's Drug Stores, Rink's Bargain Centers, Schollenberg's, Toy City, Toys & Things, Toys R Us, Value City. ***South Central:*** Montgomery Ward, Toy City, Toys R Us. ***Northwest:*** Fred Meyer Stores, Montgomery Ward. ***Pacific Coast:*** Budie's, Gemco Stores, Jeffrey's Toys, Lucky Discount Centers, Montgomery Ward, Sav-on Stores, Toys R Us.



WHAT'S THIS?

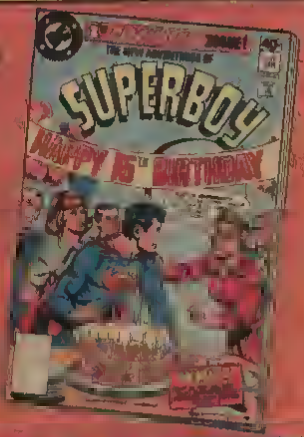
SUPERBOY LEAVING THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES?

IT'S A *SAD DAY* AS THE *BOY OF STEEL* DEPARTS FROM THE MAG THAT WAS HIS HOME FOR 258 ISSUES--

--BUT--

--IT'S A *HAPPY DAY* AS HE FLIES INTO THE

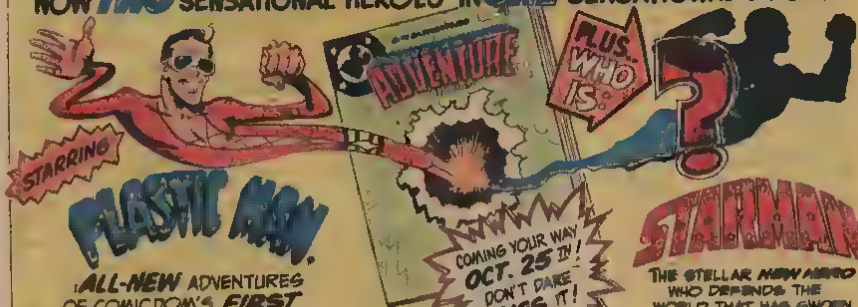
FIRST ISSUE OF HIS OWN NEW MAGAZINE!



SO JOIN THE CELEBRATION! *BOTH* GO ON SALE OCT. 25TH-- *IT'S A DATE!!*

YOUR GATEWAY TO: ADVENTURE

NOW *TWO* SENSATIONAL HEROES IN *ONE* SENSATIONAL BOOK!



PLASTIC MAN

ALL-NEW ADVENTURES OF COMICDOM'S *FIRST* SHAPE-SHIFTING SUPER-STAR!

COMING YOUR WAY *OCT. 25TH!* DON'T DARE *MISS IT!*

STARMAN

THE STELLAR *NEW HERO* WHO DEFENDS THE WORLD THAT HAS SWORN TO *KILL* HIM!

THIS SHIP CIRCLING A SPARSELY-POPULATED WORLD ON THE EDGE OF CIVILIZED SPACE BELONGS TO COLONEL JOSH SURCHUR OF THE GALACTIC OBSERVATION FORCE...

SURCHER IS A WATCHER--ONE OF THOSE WHOSE JOB IT IS TO DECIDE--AFTER MONTHS OF CAREFUL SCRUTINY--WHETHER THE HOMEWORLD SHOULD MAKE CONTACT WITH THE INHABITANTS OF NEWLY-DISCOVERED PLANETS...

DESPITE THE FACT THAT SURCHUR'S CRAFT ASSUMED ORBIT ONLY SCANT HOURS AGO--THE WATCHER IS ALREADY QUITE SURE THAT HOMEWORLD WOULD WANT NO PART OF THIS PARTICULAR RACE...

MY LORD...

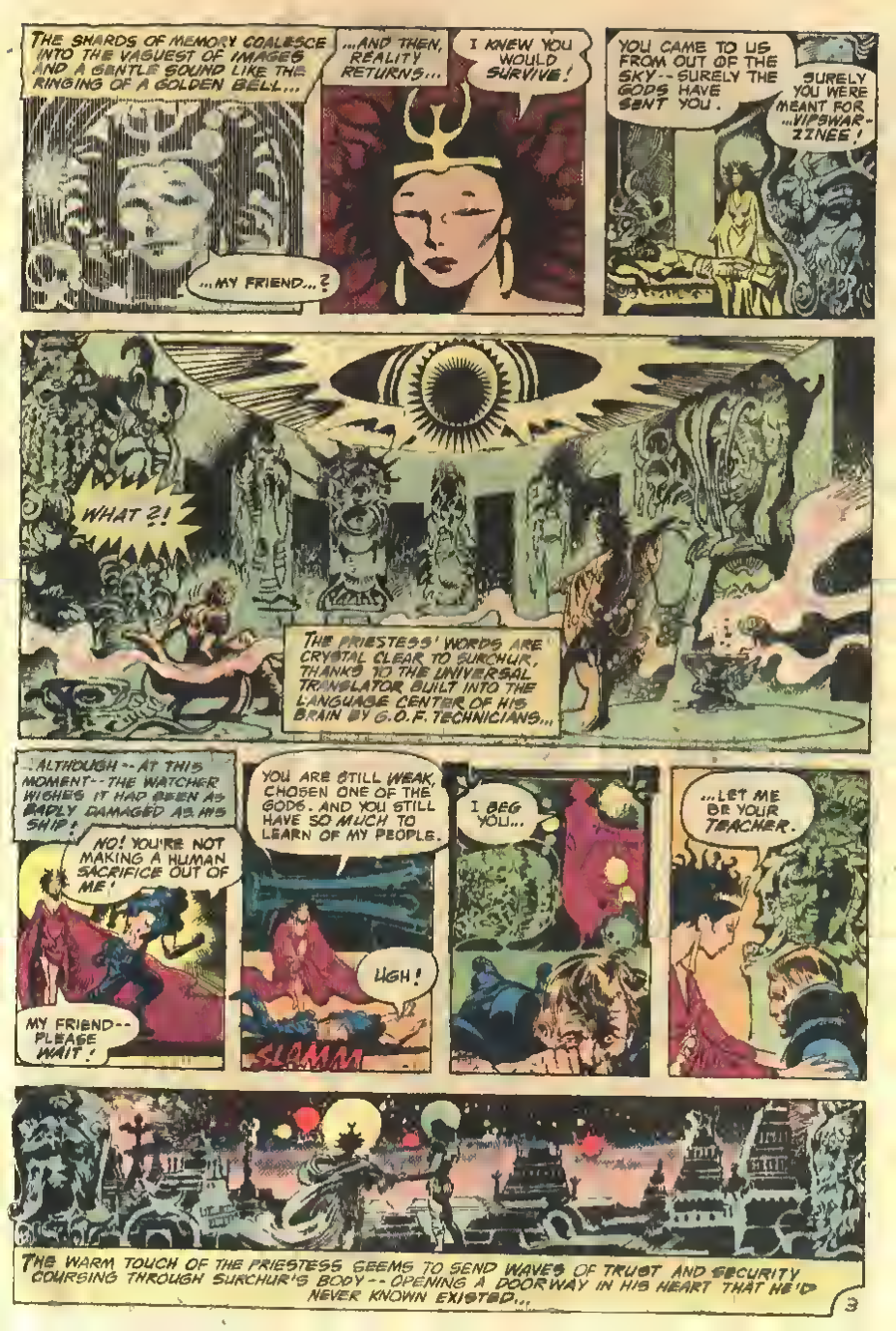
JOSH SURCHUR HAS SEEN MANY, DISQUIETING SIGHTS DURING HIS TREKS ACROSS THE GALAXY--BUT THIS VILE TABLEAU OF HUMAN SACRIFICE STRIKES A CHORD OF HORROR IN HIS SOUL...

LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT THE GRIM SCENE UNFOLDING ON THE WORLD BELOW HIM IS ABOUT TO SIGNAL A DRAMATIC TURNING POINT IN HIS LIFE. A TURNING TOWARDS...

THE TRUTH!

J.M. DE MATTEIS STORY * TOM SUTTON ART * MILTON SNAPINN LETTERER * GENE D'ANGELO COLORIST JACK C HARRIS EDITOR


SURCHUR DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO REACT AS, INSTANTLY...
FZZZAKTT
WHAT THE HELL ?!
THAT'S THE GUIDANCE COMPUTER! WITH THAT BLOWN OUT--
--THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO BUT DOWN!
SURCHUR CURSES THE G.O.F. MECHANICS WHO CERTIFIED HIS RICKETY OLD CRAFT AS BEING IN A-1 CONDITION, AND MAKES A MENTAL NOTE TO GIVE THEM A GOOD PIECE OF HIS MIND...
...IF HE SURVIVES!
THOOMM
AS HE LAPSES INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, SURCHUR'S THOUGHTS ARE SHATTERED INTO FRAGMENTED MEMORIES OF A LIFE SPENT IN THE QUEST FOR ULTIMATE ANSWERS...
LIBRARY
...A LIFE OF OBSESSION WITH TRUTH AND MEANING THAT HAS CARRIED HIM ACROSS MANY WORLDS AND THROUGH A DOZEN PROFESSIONS...
...EVENTUALLY LEADING HIM TO THE GALACTIC OBSERVATION FORCE IN HOPES THAT EXAMINATION OF NEW SPECIES WOULD REVEAL THE TRUTH HE SO DESPERATELY CRAVES...
G-GOF
...AND HAS YET TO FIND...


THE SHARDS OF MEMORY COALESCE INTO THE VAGUEST OF IMAGES AND A GENTLE SOUND LIKE THE RINGING OF A GOLDEN BELL...
...AND THEN, REALITY RETURNS...
I KNEW YOU WOULD SURVIVE!
...MY FRIEND...?
YOU CAME TO US FROM OUT OF THE SKY--SURELY THE GODS HAVE SENT YOU.
SURELY YOU WERE MEANT FOR ...HIPSWAR-ZINEE!
WHAT ?!
THE PRIESTESS' WORDS ARE CRYSTAL CLEAR TO SURCHUR, THANKS TO THE UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR BUILT INTO THE LANGUAGE CENTER OF HIS BRAIN BY G.O.F. TECHNICIANS...
...ALTHOUGH--AT THIS MOMENT--THE WATCHER WISHES IT HAD BEEN AS BADLY DAMAGED AS HIS SHIP!
NO! YOU'RE NOT MAKING A HUMAN SACRIFICE OUT OF ME!
MY FRIEND--PLEASE WAIT!
YOU ARE STILL WEAK, CHOSEN ONE OF THE GODS. AND YOU STILL HAVE SO MUCH TO LEARN OF MY PEOPLE.
UGH!
SLAMM
I BEG YOU...
...LET ME BE YOUR TEACHER.
THE WARM TOUCH OF THE PRIESTESS SEEMS TO SEND WAVES OF TRUST AND SECURITY COURSING THROUGH SURCHUR'S BODY--OPENING A DOORWAY IN HIS HEART THAT HE'D NEVER KNOWN EXISTED...

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, SURCHUR DIVIDES HIS TIME BETWEEN REPAIRS ON HIS DAMAGED SHIP AND STUDY OF THE LOCAL RELIGION--A RELIGION THAT BEGINS TO STIR THE DEPTHS OF HIS ANGUISHED SOUL MORE AND MORE AS THE DAYS WEAR ON...

HE PORES OVER ANCIENT HOLY TEXTS--FINDS THE SUBTLETIES OF THE PHILOSOPHIES THEREIN AMAZING--FINDS THE AID THE LOVELY PRIESTESS GIVES IN THE COMPREHENSION OF THOSE SUBTLETIES INVALUABLE..

HE LEARNS TO LOVE DEARLY THE GENTLE FOLK OF THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGES AND DEEMS THE PLANET --CALLED AT-MUNN BY ITS INHABITANTS--MORE THAN WORTHY OF JOINING THE UNION-OF-WORLDS...

AND--INEVITABLY IT SEEMS--TEACHER AND PUPIL SOON REALIZE THAT THEY ARE ALSO MAN AND WOMAN...

BUT THERE IS STILL ONE GLARING ANOMALY THAT JOSH SURCHUR CANNOT MAKE SENSE OF AS HE ENTERS A FINAL LOG REPORT..

WHY THE HISTORY OF HUMAN SACRIFICE TO THIS "GOD" OF THEIRS --THIS DARK CREATURE THAT STALKS AN OTHERWISE PEACEFUL WORLD?

PERHAPS I'LL BE ABLE TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY WHEN I RETURN HOME.

MUCH AS I HATE TO LEAVE MY PRIESTESS, I CAN'T PUT OFF MY DAMNABLE DUTIES ANY LONGER. WITH THE SHIP REPAIRED I HAVEN'T ANY MORE --

--EXCUSES?!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?

IT IS THE TIME FOR... VIPSWARZINEE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS ?!

VIPSWARZZNEE HAS CALLED TO ME--HAS TOLD ME YOU ARE HIS CHOSEN.

BUT...YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME...

I DO THIS BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

IF SURCHUR HEARS THE WOMAN'S REPLY HE DOES NOT SHOW IT AS HE IS DRAGGED SCREAMING TO THE TEMPLE--STRAPPED LIKE A MADMAN TO THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR. AND THEN.

...VIPSWARZZNEE DESCENDS!

NO... PLEASE... NO!

FOR AN INSTANT, ALL FEAR SEEMS TO DRAIN FROM SURCHUR LIKE POISON DRAINING FROM A WOUND...

AND THEN THE GOD DEVOURS--AND JOSH SURCHUR IS GONE...

VIPSWARZZNEE ASCENDS TO THE SKY ONCE MORE, PAUSING ONLY TO DROP A SCINTILLANT, PEARLY GLOBE TO THE GROUND BENEATH IT...


THE PRIESTESS SIGNALS HER PEOPLE TO KNEEL IN REVERENCE BEFORE THE STRANGE GLOBE AS IT BEGINS TO GENTLY ROCK AND QUIVER...
...THEN EXPAND AND CRACK AS A CHOKED CRY OF ECSTASY ISSUES FORTH FROM WITHIN...
KKK-RRR-AKK
...AND-- FINALLY-- SOMETHING EMERGES...A CREATURE THAT COULD BE THE TWIN OF THE "GOD" VIPSWARZZNEE--BUT A CREATURE THAT SPEAKS IN THE VOICE OF JOSH SURCHUR!
OH, MY PRIESTESS-- I SEE IT NOW!
...THE TRUTH AND BEAUTY MY HUMAN FORM WOULD NOT LET ME PERCEIVE!
THERE IS TRUTH IN EVERY FACE...IN EVERY BLADE OF GRASS...IN ALL THINGS!
I...AM...SO... HAPPY...
THE MUTATED BEING THAT WAS ONCE JOSH SURCHUR GRACEFULLY FLIES OFF--ITS VOICE TRANSFORMED INTO A HARMONIOUS LILT--THE VOICE OF A GOD!
THE PRIESTESS LETS TEARS FALL FREELY AS SHE WISHES HER STUDENT WELL...
THERE IS NO JEALOUSY IN HER HEART FOR SHE KNOWS THAT SOMEDAY IT WILL BE HER TURN-- AND SHE WILL JOIN HIM--IN ETERNITY.
End


THE SPACE WARS HAVE ENDED... PEACE BRINGS TRAVEL AND TRADE BETWEEN THE GALAXIES...
BUT AMID THE DISCOVERY OF NEW PLANETS... NEW LIFE FORMS... A PERENNIAL SCOURGE REMAINS--
SCAVENGERS
STORY BILL KELLEY
ART
COLORS JERRY SERPE
THEY WERE MERCENARY SOLDIERS DURING THE WARS... NOW, IN PEACETIME, THEY HAVE TURNED TO PIRACY...
THE LOOT IS IN STORAGE, KANE...
NOW--WHAT OF THE WOMEN?
AND KANE IS BY FAR THE CRUELEST...
THE WOMEN...?
DO WHAT YOU WISH WITH THEM...

FOR ALL THEIR RUTHLESSNESS, THE SPACE VANDALS HAVE THEIR WEAKNESSES--INTOXICANTS, JEWELS . OR MORE OFTEN, WOMEN...

ALL BUT KANE, THAT IS...

...A LASER SCAR DOWN THE LENGTH OF HIS FACE TOOK CARE OF THAT. NOW, WOMEN ARE *REPELLED* BY HIM--

--AND HE, IN TURN, HATES THEM

SO KANE'S BAND OF KILLERS IS THE MOST FEARED IN THE SOUTH SOLAR QUADRANT...THEY HAVE ONE OBSESSION--

KANE...THE SEARCH CAMERA'S PICKED UP A *MERCHANT SHIP!*

--AN AWESOME LUST FOR *CONQUEST!*

I SEE IT... LOOKS LIKE A SMALL ONE! WE'LL TAKE HER!

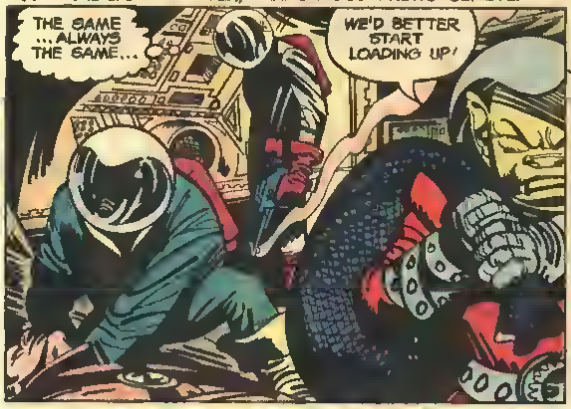
ZZZZZZZ

AT FIRST, KANE WAS CONTENT TO BE LIKE OTHER SCAVENGERS... LOOTING ABANDONED SHIPS... FAIR GAME FOR ANYONE--

--BUT NO MORE!

ZZFFW... AP!

WITH THE CARNAGE OVER, KANE'S MOOD GROWS SOMBRE--



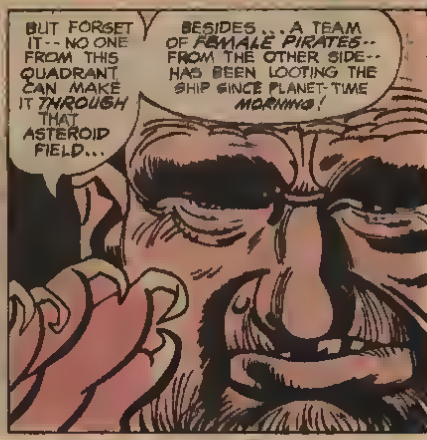
BACK ON THE SCAVENGERS' OWN CRAFT...

BUT THE CHALLENGE WILL HAVE TO WAIT...

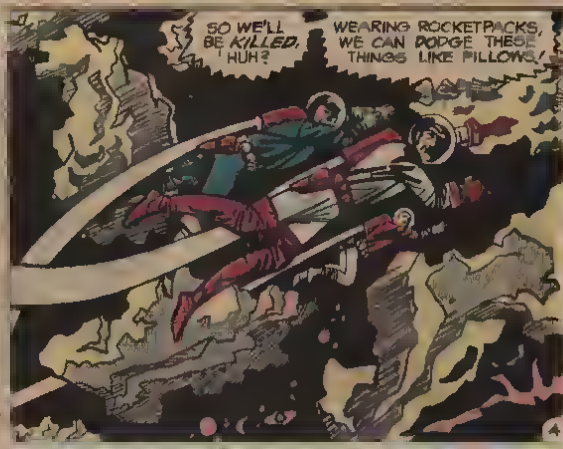

IT'S TOO EASY... THEY HARDLY PUT UP A FIGHT ANYMO--


DAMN! THIS MONITOR ALWAYS GOES OFF WHEN WE'RE BUSY...!
BEEP BEEP

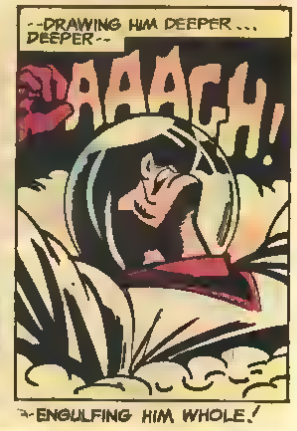

OUR SEARCH CAMERA'S SPOTTED A HUGE STAR-CRAFT... ON THE FAR SIDE OF AN ASTEROID BELT!
YEAH-- ITS POWER SOURCE LEAKED... KILLED EVERYONE ON BOARD! IT'S ADRIFT!
BEEP BEEP BEEP


BUT FORGET IT-- NO ONE FROM THIS QUADRANT CAN MAKE IT THROUGH THAT ASTEROID FIELD...
BESIDES... A TEAM OF FEMALE PIRATES-- FROM THE OTHER SIDE-- HAS BEEN LOOTING THE SHIP SINCE PLANET-TIME MORNING!


AT THOSE WORDS, KANE SITS BOLT UPRIGHT... RISES... AND STRIDES ACROSS THE BAR--
LET'S GO...
WHA--BUT YOU'LL BE KILLED...!


SO WE'LL BE KILLED, HUH?
WEARING ROCKETPACKS, WE CAN DODGE THESE THINGS LIKE PILLOWS!


ON THE DRIFTING STARCRAFT, THE LEADER OF THE FEMALE SCAVENGER TURNS... AND WHAT SHE SEES CHILLS HER HEART--
IT'S KANE'S MEN...! IF THEY REACH THE SHIP... WE'RE FINISHED!
ATTACK!
--BUT THE SWIFTNESS AND NUMBER OF THE FEMALE SCAVENGERS--
KILL THEM!
DON'T LET THEM--
--ARE NO MATCH FOR THE BRUTAL SKILL OF KANE AND HIS PARTNERS!
DON'T LET US WHAT, WOMAN? I CAN'T HEAR YOU...!
AIIEEE
T-ZZAP!
KANE'S BODY PULSES WITH SADISTIC DELIGHT--
--AND SOON, THE COLD VOID IS CLUTTERED WITH THE DRIFTING CORPSES OF HIS VICTIMS...
KANE... A LITTLE TIME TO OURSELVES... BEFORE WE RAID THE SHIP...?
GO AHEAD...
...WHILE I STRETCH OUT HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES...



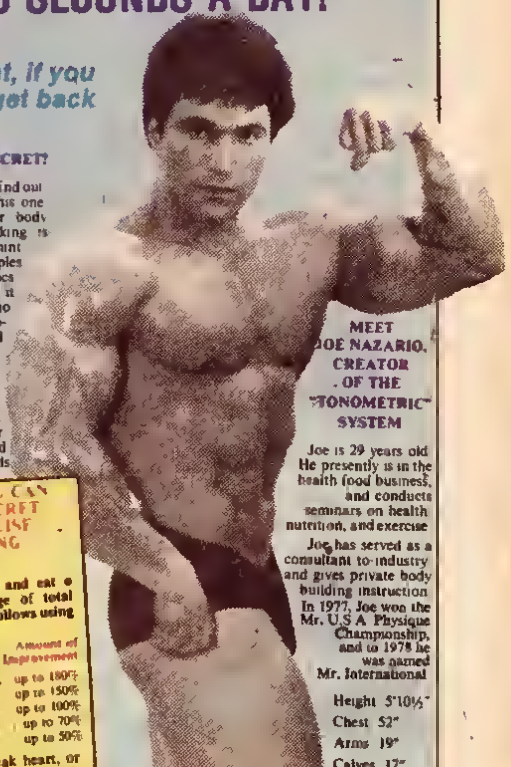
...THE CONSTANT PRESENCE--OF SCAVENGERS.

Dominate Others With Fantastic Brute Strength!

"LET ME TEACH YOU THE SIMPLE SECRET PROFESSIONAL MUSCLEMEN USE TO BUILD UP THEIR BODIES IN JUST 90 SECONDS A DAY!"

by Joe Nazario, Mr. U.S.A. Physique Champion, 1977, Mr. International, 1978

Regardless of your age, weight & height, if you can spare 90 seconds a day, you CAN get back into shape!



Achieve these five muscle improvements within one month, or you pay nothing!

- ☐ See your abdomen become a taut wall of muscle!
- ☐ Transform weak arms into pillars of strength!
- ☐ Lift and broaden sagging shoulders!
- ☐ Develop a deep and powerful chest!
- ☐ Strengthen your back thighs and calves!

I'm a professional body builder. I won the Mr U.S.A competition in 1977, and the Mr International contest in 1978. I'll probably win Mr Universe this year. I'm also in the exercise and health consulting business in New York City.

So I'm familiar with exercise and body building programs. I've probably tried every single one of them. And do you know something? Not one of them is worth the money you have to pay!

The reason is simple. Every so-called exercise machine, every weight-lifting set ever made works on one of two principles: isometric (putting stress on muscles that do not move) or isotonic (moving muscles under stress).

So, when you pay good money for a machine or a set of fancy equipment, you're buying a gimmick. You can accomplish *exactly the same exercise value* get exactly the same results without the machine—IF YOU KNOW HOW! What's more, since machines and weights put a tremendous amount of stress on weak, underdeveloped muscles, they can *actually cause more harm than good*.

THE SIMPLE LOCKER ROOM SECRET THAT REALLY WORKS, IN JUST 90 SECONDS

In my years as an athlete and as an "iron pumper," I've seen hundreds of men get ready for strenuous competition. Each had his own personal mannerisms. Each had favorite warm-up exercises. But over the years, I noticed a simple, common thread that was common to all.

I actually discovered the simple locker room secret that the pros use to build up their bodies in just 90 seconds!

That's right, using my secret, you can exercise *all 18 muscle groups* in your body in just 90 seconds. Eighteen simple exercises every day, just five seconds on each. And within two weeks or less, you'll begin to notice the difference.

You'll FEEL stronger! You'll LOOK healthier, your body will be FAR MORE ATTRACTIVE! I'm not talking about tiny differences you can measure with a tape—I'm talking about *great changes*: you'll begin to feel yourself, you'll notice in the mirror, your friends will notice on the beach!

WHAT IS MY AMAZING SECRET?

Frankly, it'll cost you $5.00 to find out. After all, a secret as good as this one, a secret that will make your body stronger, healthier, better looking is *worth* $5.00! But I'll give you a hint. It's a combination of the principles of *both* isometrics and isotonics. I call it "Tonometrics". And it requires no special equipment, no fancy gym. You can use my "tonometric" techniques and special "tonometric" exercises in your bedroom, bathroom, even in your office during your coffee break!

There are 18 special exercises in all, one for each of the 18 major muscle groups in your body. And each exercise takes just 5 seconds to do.

SEE THE RESULTS YOU CAN EXPECT FROM MY SECRET "TONOMETRIC" EXERCISE PROGRAM—DEPENDING UPON YOUR AGE:

If you are basically healthy and eat a balanced diet, the percentage of total performance can improve as follows using the "tonometric" program:

Age	Amount of Improvement	Age	Amount of Improvement
15	up to 100%	35	up to 180%
18	up to 130%	40	up to 150%
21	up to 150%	50	up to 100%
25	up to 200%	60	up to 70%
30	up to 200%	70	up to 50%

Of course, if you have a weak heart, or any physical disability, you should consult with your physician before beginning this or any other exercise program.

ABSOLUTELY NO RISK TO YOU!

When you send me your $5.00, I'll send you a booklet explaining the "tonometric" concept, and outlining an exercise program using my 18 basic exercises designed to *trim down fat and flab*—and *build up weak, underdeveloped muscles*. BUT I WON'T CASH YOUR CHECK FOR 30 DAYS!

That way, you'll have plenty of time to try my amazing "tonometric" program, and decide for yourself if it's everything I say or not. IF YOU'RE NOT ABSOLUTELY THRILLED, SIMPLY RETURN THE MATERIAL AND I'LL SEND BACK YOUR CHECK!

What could be fairer than that? Since you've got nothing to lose, and only a beautiful, strong, firm body to gain, why not send me the coupon, and the check for $5.00 today?

MEET JOE NAZARIO, CREATOR OF THE "TONOMETRIC" SYSTEM

Joe is 29 years old. He presently is in the health food business, and conducts seminars on health, nutrition, and exercise.

Joe has served as a consultant to industry and gives private body building instruction. In 1977, Joe won the Mr. U.S.A. Physique Championship, and in 1978 he was named Mr. International.

Height 5'10½"
Chest 52"
Arms 19"
Calves 17"
Weight 215
Waist 34"
Thighs 28"
Neck 18"

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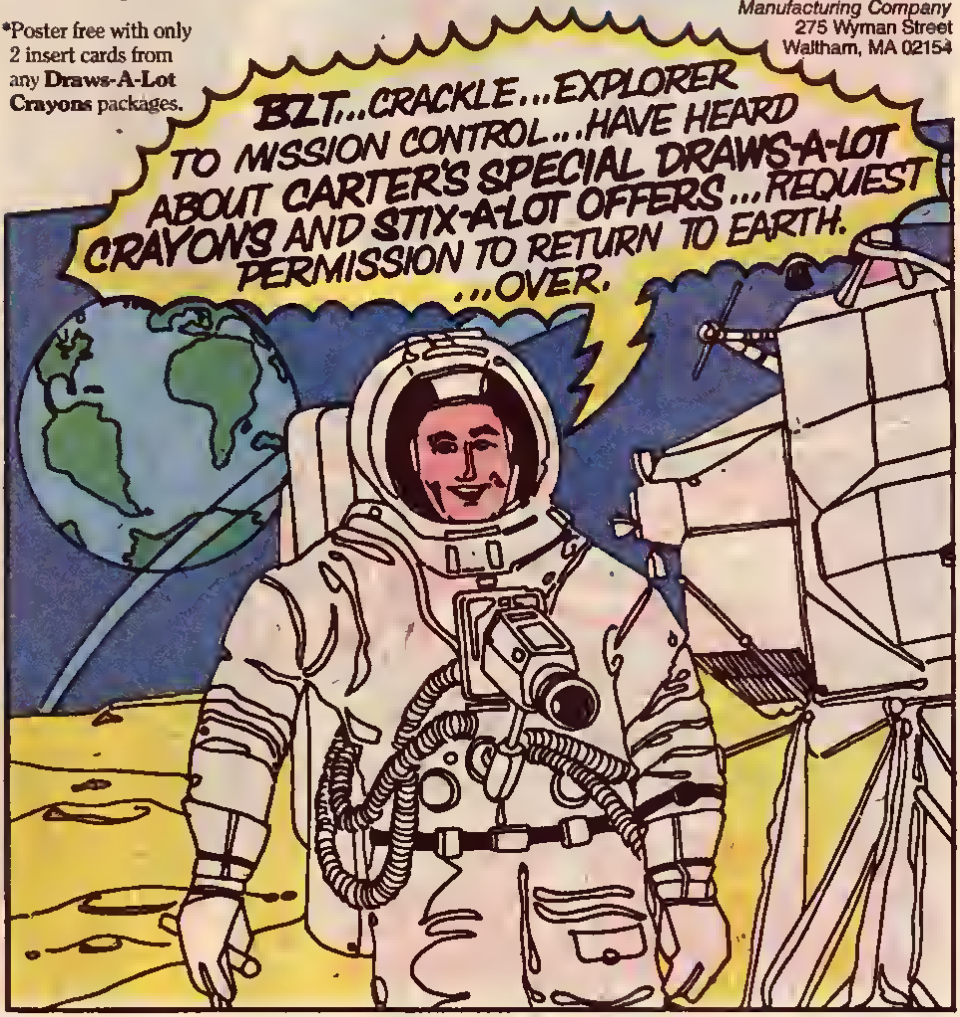



NOT EVEN TENDER WORDS CAN MASK THE MOUNTING HORROR ABOARD A SPACE-SURVEY CRAFT STREAKING HOMEWARD...
I JUST CONTACTED EARTH, ZELIA HONEY... AN AGENT FROM THE WEDDINGS BUREAU WILL MEET US AT THE SPACEPORT!
STOP TOYING WITH ME, CREIGHTON!
EVEN IF YOU WERE SERIOUS--
--DO YOU THINK I'D LET YOU MARRY A HAG LIKE ME?
YOU AREN'T A HAG ZELIA... YOU'RE MY FIANCEE--THE WOMAN I LOVE!
HOW CAN ANYONE LOVE A LIVING CORPSE!
FAR AHEAD--UNSEEN, UNRECORDED--A STRANGE BARRIER LOOMS IN THE SPACESHIP'S PATH! FOR THE VOYAGERS' DILEMMA HAS MADE THEM FITTING SUBJECTS IN A WEIRD...
CULTURAL EXCHANGE
GEORGE KASHDAN: WRITER * DON NEWTON and DAVE SIMONS
MILT SNAPINN: LETTERER * ADRIENNE ROY: COLORIST


DOC--ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HER?
HOW ABOUT IF I PUT HER TO SLEEP--PERMANENTLY.
DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO CYNICAL ABOUT IT?
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, CREIGHTON...PHOTONITIS IS ONE OF THE SPACE DISEASES THAT SCIENCE CAN'T CURE!
POOR ZELIA IS GOING TO SUFFER--LONG AND PAINFULLY--WITH NO HOPE OF RECOVERY!
MY ONLY CONCERN, NOW, IS TO MAKE HER AS COMFORTABLE AS...
OOOF!
RANDY! YOU KNOW WE HAVE A SICK PASSENGER...MUST YOU DRIVE SO ROUGH?
CAN'T HELP IT, GRAY...ALL OUR CIRCUITS JUST WENT DEAD!
YOU MEAN--WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL?
WELL--NOT EXACTLY! WHAT I MEAN IS..SOMETHING--OR SOMEBODY ELSE--SEEMS TO BE CONTROLLING US!

THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE... YET I COULD SWEAR WE'RE COMING TO A LANDING!

YES--I'M SURE OF IT! WE'RE ON SOME SORT OF SOLID MOVING SURFACE!

KRONKK

UNHH! THIS CAN GET TO BE A BAD HABIT!

NOW WHAT?

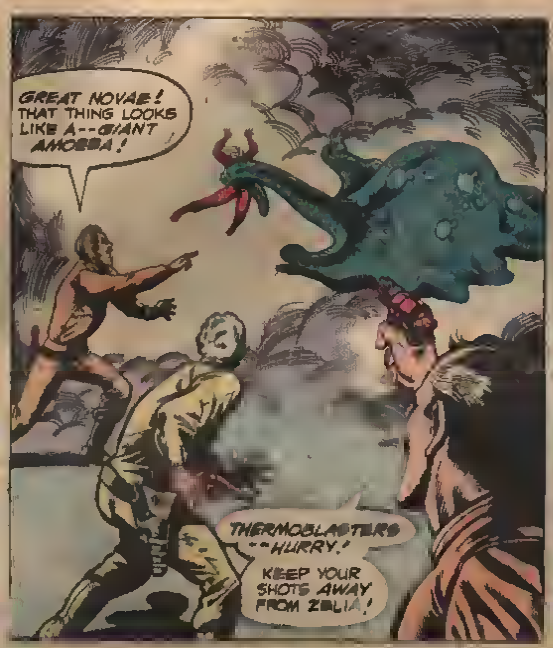
ONE THING'S FOR SURE... I CAN'T BUDGE THE SHIP!

THEN I SUGGEST FRIENDS, WE GO OUT--AND LEARN WHERE WE'VE BEEN DELIVERED!

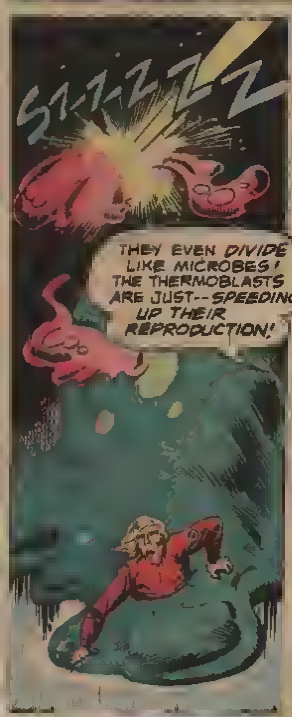
WHAT AN EERIE SENSATION! THERE SEEMS TO BE NO GROUND OR SKY--YET WE'RE STANDING ON SOMETHING!

THE ATMOSPHERE IS SO ALIEN, MY ANALYZERS AREN'T RESPONDING TO IT!

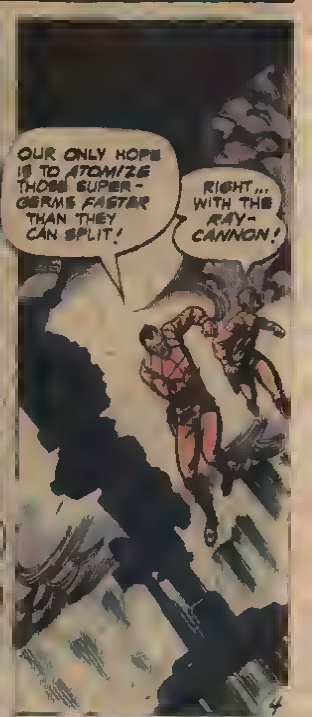
EEEEEK


GREAT NOVAE! THAT THING LOOKS LIKE A--GIANT AMOEBA!
THERMOBLASTERS --HURRY!
KEEP YOUR SHOTS AWAY FROM ZELIA!

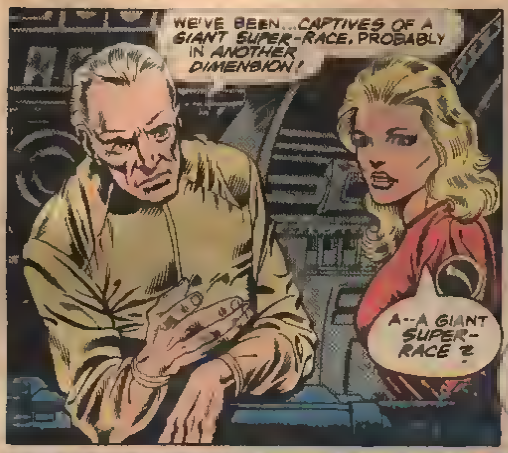

MORE GIANT BACTERIA --PROTECTING THE AMOEBA!

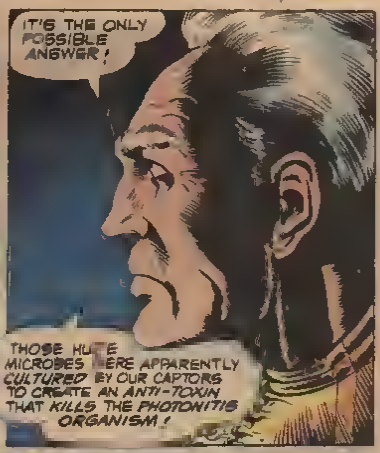

SIZZZZZ
THEY EVEN DIVIDE LIKE MICROBES! THE THERMOBLASTS ARE JUST--SPEEDING UP THEIR REPRODUCTION!

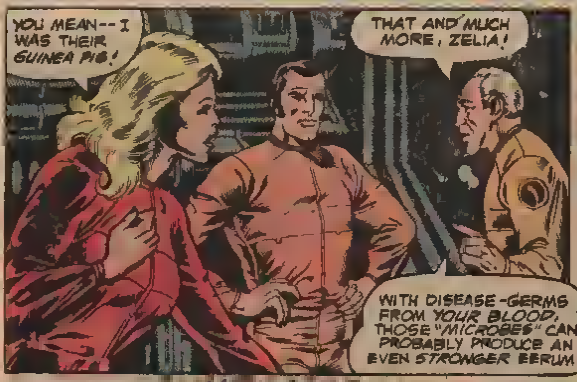

OD THOUGH... ALL THEY'RE DOING IS DEFENDING THAT AMOEBA!
THEY AREN'T THEY ATTACKING US?

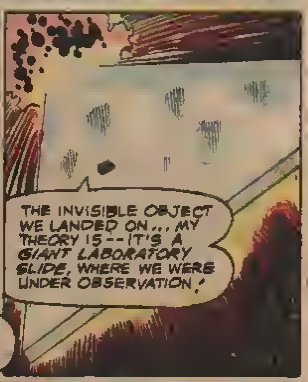

OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO ATOMIZE THOSE SUPER-GERMS FASTER THAN THEY CAN SPLIT!
RIGHT... WITH THE RAY-CANNON!


VERY CLEVER... DO YOU INTEND TO DISINTEGRATE ZELIA AS WELL?
YOU FORGET, DOCTOR... THIS WEAPON IS EFFECTIVE AGAINST ALL LIVING BEINGS —EXCEPT HUMANS!
WAIT! DON'T FIRE!
WHAT--? THAT SOUNDS LIKE-- LIKE...
...ZELIA? AND LOOK AT HER!
THE PHOTONITIS SYMPTONS... THEY'VE WORN OFF!
I KNOW IT SOUNDS INSANE... BUT THAT MONSTER DID SOMETHING TO CURE ME!
MAYBE... BUT WE CAN'T BE SURE TILL I'VE EXAMINED A BLOOD-CULTURE FROM YOU!
SHORTLY, IN THE SHIP'S LAB...
INCREDIBLE... NOT A SINGLE PHOTONITIS ORGANISM REMAINING!
HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?
AND WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH THOSE CREEPIES OUT THERE?
YOW! WE'RE MOVING AGAIN!
JUST AS I EXPECTED!
YOU DID? HOW COME, DOC?









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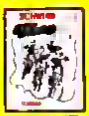

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